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# Saturday Review

## of Literature

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*John P. Marquand, author of "Point of No Return."* *(See page 11)*

# How to Know Nothing About Everything

By WILLIAM L. LAURENCE

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# This Week

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# TRADE Winds

**THIS IS THE TIME** of year when a number of well-known authors change publishing affiliations. Their new publishers proudly announce the shift and throw welcoming cocktail parties in their honor; their old publishers lick wounds and close ranks by luring malcontents from somewhere else. Sometimes these changes are based on sheer incompatibility, or justifiable grievances, but most of them stem from authors' refusal to believe that the failure of their last published book, or lack of enthusiasm for their new manuscript, just possibly is due to their own shortcomings and not to the inefficiency or stupidity of their publisher.

It is true that publishers, like authors, frequently fall victim to "greener pastures" philosophy: they will expend more effort on a writer they have filched, fully developed, from a rival house than they will on one they have had on their own list for years. A single mistake in choosing a publisher affiliation is as understandable as a misstep in matrimony. But as suspect as people who stumble from one unhappy marriage to another are authors who change publishers every two or three years. They are the chronic trouble-makers, authors who constitutionally are unable to believe that any publisher on earth can appreciate their genius or exploit their books properly.

The publishers, on their part, never seem to learn that an author who has made himself intolerable to one outfit will almost certainly do the same thing for another—that they will derive their real satisfaction and profits from authors they introduced in the first place and have sponsored throughout their careers—authors who are true friends, not continual nuisances. . . .

**A ONE-TIME ARDENT ADVOCATE** of friendship with the Kremlin, embittered by Soviet chicanery in the past three years, has hung in her private lavatory a framed dust jacket of a book written by Wallace Carroll, and published by Houghton Mifflin in 1942. The title is "We're in This with Russia." . . . Dellquest's Rare Book Shop, in Los Angeles, reports that a lady picked up a copy of the first edition of Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle," and looked thoughtfully at the jacket picture of a group of twelve gloomy factories with chimneys belching smoke. Her comment was, "So that's where he turns out those Lanny Budd stories!" . . . Next to the book stand at a Midwestern aviation field is a barbershop called "The Hairport." . . Billy Rose, in his preface to "Wine, Women and Words," declares that when Max Schuster first asked him to write a book he answered, "Not on your printing press. I can't see myself on a bookshelf between Rabelais and Shakespeare." Max persisted, however, he continues, and "a few minutes later he found himself signing a contract." A theatrical tycoon who works the opposite side of the street from Billy comments, "If I know my Rose, by the time he signed that contract he had a first mortgage on Schuster's Long Island estate and owned sixty per cent of Golden Books." . . .

"Take a novel, Miss O'Houlihan."

**HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED HOW** paper is made? Sherwood Moran, of the Crowell-Collier Company, has sent me a thumbnail sketch of how it's done by the Mead Corporation in Chillicothe.

1. The most common types of trees used to make wood pulp are poplar, willow, cottonwood, and gum. The trees are sawed into logs, 5 x 4 x 8, and the bark removed by special machines.

2. The naked logs go to the chipper, where they are cut into pieces not more than one inch square. The chips then move on a conveyor to a screen which holds back those too large for cooking and also sifts out the sawdust.

3. Chips of the right size are then blown through a long pipe into the digester, or cooking room. Over each load is pumped 3,000 gallons of lime mixed with sodium carbonate. Then the lid is clamped on tight, and the chips are cooked in the same manner that a housewife uses her pressure cooker at home. The result is somewhat less appetizing: a mixture of sticky black soda pulp, that is washed with pure filtered water and treated with special chemicals until it becomes snow white. It is now forced through a cruncher and shredded—and finally allowed to flow on to the end of the paper machine itself.

4. The paper machine is about two city blocks long, and runs continuously. By means of it the milky, wet pulp is transformed into dry paper in less than a minute. The pulp moves on a wire cloth. The water drains off in the first twenty-five feet. The remaining damp web—actual paper by this time—is caught up and passed between a succession of steam-heated driers. The final stack of steel rolls or calenders acts as an ironing process to smooth the paper's surface. When it comes off the dry end it is trimmed to desired widths, wound onto spools



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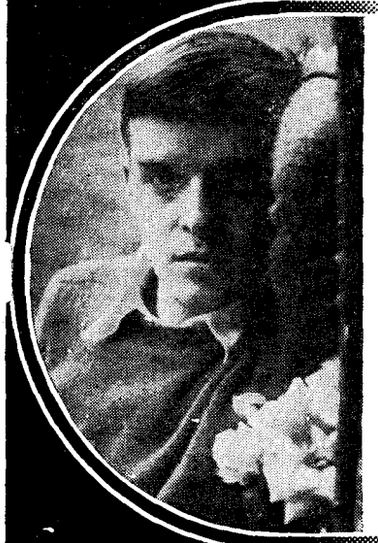

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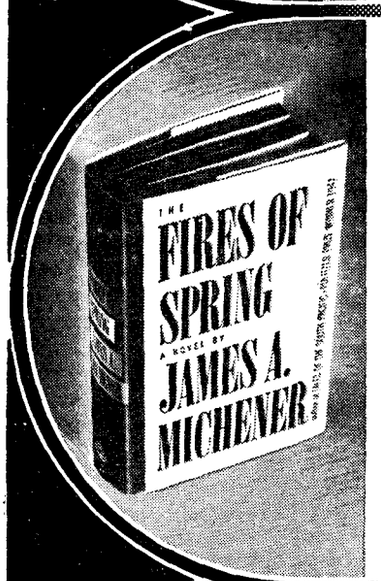


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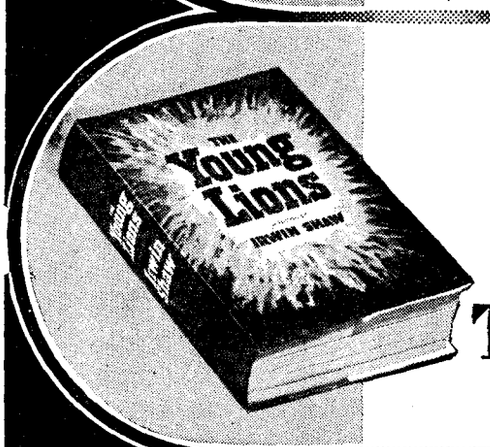


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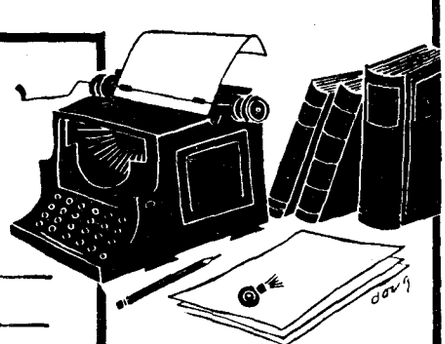

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or cores—and carted off to printing plants. Alexander Wollcott, who never bothered to learn what kind of wood was used for the manufacture of paper, was thereby permitted to describe the process (along with the printing that followed) as "from ash to trash in one hour flat."

I have watched paper mills in operation twice—once at Glens Falls, New York, and once at Kingsport, Tennessee—and unless you are allergic to extreme heat, I urge you to go too if you get the opportunity. The machine that chops up the big logs is particularly fascinating—and terrifying. At Kingsport, I was accompanied by Joseph Henry Jackson, the San Francisco songbird. "Wonderful, isn't it?," I shouted to him above the racket. "Don't bother me," he shouted back. "I'm trying to remember the words of 'Woodman, spare that tree'." . . .

**TO PROVE THAT NOT ALL NOTRE DAME** men become football coaches when they graduate, one of them has bought the Tulsa, Oklahoma, Book Shop. His name is John Bennett Shaw, and on the side he runs an oil drilling company and a 312-acre wheat farm. A collector himself, Shaw goes in for early Hemingway items, Sherlock Holmes material, and the esoteric writings of E. E. Cummings. He once sold so many copies of a special Cummings edition of the Harvard literary quarterly that the editor made a special side-trip to Tulsa to see what sort of store this was. Shaw's were the only copies sold between Chicago and San Francisco.

Martin Gardner tells in *Magazine Tulsa* of a time Shaw discovered in his stock a book by a reactionary news broadcaster whom he particularly detested. On successive days he marked the book "twenty-five cents," "ten cents," and "free," and when it still lingered on the counter, he put it in the window with a sign reading, "Five cents will be given to any customer who takes this book out of my sight." A startled gentleman discovered that Shaw wasn't kidding, concluded his visit by buying some seventy dollars'

## *Artist*

By Witter Bynner

WHILE wave and undertow
Change in their ebb and flow
You can secure and save
Intact a single wave.

Though lids on eyes withdrawn
Seem to preclude the dawn
O neighbor close and strange
You have arrested change.



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worth of other books as well. Shaw's favorite customer is the lady who asked to see boys' books, and finally purchased a copy of "Black Beauty." "How old is your boy?" asked Shaw, thinking the book might be too advanced for him. "Twenty-seven," said the lady. . . .

IN FRED RUSSELL'S SPARKLING new "Funny Things About Sports" (McQuiddy Press, Nashville), he tells of a day Connie Mack yanked Pitcher George Earnshaw from the mound because Lou Gehrig had lofted two of his offerings over the right-field fence. "This fellow I've put in now knows how to pitch to Gehrig," Mack told the disgruntled Earnshaw. "Watch him." When Gehrig came up for his next lick, he teed off on the new pitcher's first delivery and sent it over the center-field wall on a dead line. As Gehrig jogged around the base, Earnshaw whispered to Mack, "I see what you mean. Make him change direction, eh?" . . . . Larry Gilbert, manager of the Nashville ball club, told Russell the "shaggy dog" story of the year: Papa Bear, Mama Bear, and Baby Bear, wandering through the Nevada desert, decided to take a rest. Papa Bear sat down on a piece of cactus, and jumped to his feet, hollering the equivalent of "Ouch." Mama Bear sat on another piece of cactus, and also arose screaming. Baby Bear, however, squatted on the same piece of cactus, and remained there in apparent calm and comfort. Papa Bear watched him with growing concern and said reproachfully, "Mama, don't tell me we're raising one of those Dead End kids!"

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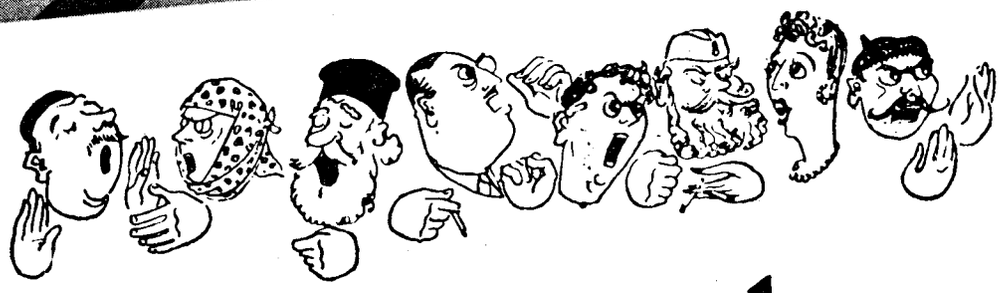

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*The Saturday Review of Literature*

# *How to Know Nothing About Everything*

WILLIAM L. LAURENCE

William L. Laurence

EDITOR'S NOTE: SRL *continues its series on writing as a craft with this article on the literary form which in our generation has become the most significant for the welfare of mankind: the reporting of developments in science. William L. Laurence, its author, has been science news reporter for* The New York Times *since* 1930. *A close student of atomic research for many years, Mr. Laurence wrote the exclusive eye-witness account of the dropping of the atomic bomb over Nagasaki released by the War Department in* 1945. *The following year he published "Dawn Over Zero—the Story of the Atomic Bomb."*

A FEW years before Hiroshima the science editor for one of our great metropolitan newspapers informed his editor that his regular article for the following Sunday would deal with the subject of cosmic rays.

"Cosmic rays," said the editor with a tone of finality, "are out!"

"What's wrong with cosmic rays?" he was asked.

"The publisher doesn't like cosmic rays, and neither do I. Furthermore, let me tell you, I don't believe in atoms and have but slight faith in molecules."

This example was not unique in the years preceding nuclear fission. Another science editor, on another metropolitan newspaper of large circulation, offered his editor a story about an important development in the use of the female sex hormone for relieving the physical and mental distress that all too frequently accompanies the period of the menopause. It should have been a page-one story in any man's newspaper, for it promised relief from suffering not only to millions of women in one of the crucial periods of their lives but also to the other members of the family whose peace of mind is inevitably perturbed. The busy, harrassed editor, however, dismissed the subject with a shrug. He had no more faith in hormones than the other editor had in cosmic rays and atoms. They simply did not fit into the preconceived ideas of what constituted "news."

By a strange irony, the editor who didn't believe in hormones came to respect them only a few weeks later when they unexpectedly entered his own home and made life much pleasanter for him and his family. It appeared that Mrs. Editor had become a new woman ever since her physician had prescribed a bottle of small pills for which he had paid an exorbitant sum. Those little pills had certainly worked a miracle. He no longer dreaded coming home after a harrowing day in the office. "I'll take a column on this female hormone stuff you once offered me," he told his astonished reporter. This time it made page one.

Since Hiroshima there is no longer an editor anywhere who does not believe in atoms. In fact, judging by some of the stuff that gets into print, editors have become almost too gullible. (Along with the general public, for example, most of them are still ready to believe, despite universal scientific assurances to the contrary, that the explosion of an atomic bomb presents the danger of starting a chain reaction in the atmosphere.) Nor do they shudder any more at the mention of cosmic rays, once you make it clear in the lead paragraphs that they hold an important key to the forces within the atom. They have developed a wholesome respect for neutrons, both of the slow and fast varieties, and take protons, deuterons, and alpha particles, gamma rays and beta rays, even mesons, in their stride. If there is any grumbling, it is on the part of the hapless copy reader who cannot fit in such outlandish words as synchrotron, synchro-cyclotron, or linear accelerator into his headline, but no doubt he will learn to abbreviate them just as he learned to shorten sodium sulfathiazole, sulfapyridine,

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WHO'LL
MIRACLE ATOMS GUARANTEED TO REVOLUTIONIZE THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD
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THE ATOMIC AGE
TROUBLE IS THERE ARE NO RICH OPPORTUNITIES ANY MORE
YEAH
ATOMIC ENERGY THE NEW WORLD FORCE!

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"Some Day that Peddler Will Own the Town."



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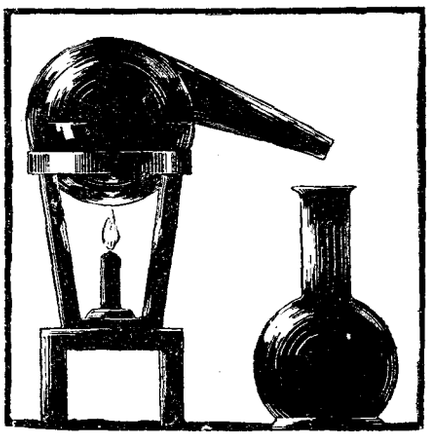
sulfanilamide, etc., into the now familiar "sulfa" drugs.

Nevertheless, the problem of educating the editor to the importance of science news, and to the fact that science news is the most significant news of our times, shaping and profoundly affecting all other events filling the pages of our newspapers, still largely remains. The relative amount of space devoted to science news, as compared with other subjects, such as politics, business, finance, and sports, is still very small. This can hardly be blamed entirely upon the editor, who judges news by what he believes his readers are most interested in. If his readers are more interested in baseball than in nuclear physics or the quantum theory, who is he to force an unwanted pill down their throats? After all, the editor, himself likely as not an ardent baseball fan, wants to produce a newspaper with the most interesting reading matter for the majority of his readers, the circle of which he aims not only to hold but to increase. "Quantum theory, did you say? Sorry, we are very tight on space tonight. Forget about it!"

Here is where one of the major problems of the science reporter comes in. He not only has to have at least an elementary understanding of what the quantum theory and similar abstruse subjects are all about; he must be able to translate the jargon of the scientists into ordinary language understandable to the layman. But mere translation is not enough. The translation must not only be accurate as to the facts, it must also be told in a manner to arouse the interest of the reader. It must, in other words, compete with the average run of news of the day and claim attention on its own merits as a news story. Furthermore, he must be prepared to do it under the pressure of the deadline.

Of course, not all science stories deal with relativity or the quantum. In fact, most science reporters shy away from these and similar highly abstruse subjects, not only because their own understanding of them is hazy, to say the least, but because they also know the reader resistance against them is too great at present to be overcome without the greatest difficulty. As a result some of the most fascinating explorations into the nature of the cosmos go largely unrecorded in our daily press and are only rarely touched upon in popular periodicals and other literature accessible to the average reader. Yet the quantum and relativity theories have profoundly affected the lives of everyone now living and will play an even more important role in the lives of future generations, for the very simple reason, realized even today by only a



small minority, that these two theories not only brought about the greatest intellectual revolution in modern times, if not in all recorded history, but also were responsible for the advent of the atomic age.

Be that as it may, the average newspaper editor and science reporter is satisfied to deal with more practical subjects, of more immediate and direct interest to the daily lives of the average newspaper reader— new atom-smashing machines, new telescopes, new chemicals, new drugs, new hormones and vitamins, new approaches to the treatment of disease, animal experiments on nutrition, the results of research on cancer, heart disease, high blood pressure, and many other ills that plague mankind, and the latest advances in physiology, biology, chemistry, nuclear physics, astronomy, zoology, botany, etc., not to mention the many specialties in which most of the major branches are now being subdivided.

It can be seen from this enumeration that the science reporter is confronted with the impossible task of having at least a smattering of knowledge, or rather, of ignorance, over the entire range of the physical and biological sciences and the splinter groups that have grown, and are still growing, out of them. It is by now a truism that a specialist is one who knows "more and more about less and less until he knows everything about nothing." The science reporter, on the other hand, is the exact opposite. He knows, or presumes to know, less and less about more and more until he knows nothing about everything. These two extremes, and the points in between, illustrate the dilemma of both the scientist and the popularizer of science. Whereas on the one hand the field of the scientist becomes narrower and narrower, until there is hardly any contact between specialists even in the same general field, the field of the science reporter at the same time becomes correspondingly wider and wider. Within the last few years, to cite but a few examples, the specialties of virology (study of viruses), enzymology, cytology, cytogenetics, and protein chemistry were born as independent subdivisions of bacteriology, biochemistry, and genetics. Their importance may be gauged by the fact that virology may hold the answer to the cure or prevention of infantile paralysis and many other serious virus diseases, not to mention the common cold, while any one of the others, singly or in combination, may provide the key to the cure or prevention of cancer, and to some of the basic processes of life.

Obviously, the science reporter cannot be a walking encyclopedia. He must have, of course, to start with a general elementary knowledge of physics, chemistry, and biology, obtained through elementary courses in college and supplemented by reading authoritative books on the subject. With this start, his job is very much like the job of any other good reporter in other fields, such as politics, finance, and business, namely, to have a thorough familiarity with the authentic sources of the news and to establish intimate and mutually trustworthy contacts with these sources. The main difference here is that the sources and the contacts are by necessity much more widely scattered than they are in other fields. More important still, the possessors of the first-hand knowledge are generally not very articulate in conveying what they know to the non-expert in simple terminology.

I REMEMBER the first time I attended a presentation by J. Robert Oppenheimer. Even physicists not too well versed in higher mathematics have difficulty in following him and it did not take me long to realize that I was in deep waters and way beyond my swimming range. I had taken pains, however, to take a seat next to a well-known physicist who also happened to be one of the most articulate in the field. Every once in a while he would give me a hint as to what "Oppie" (as I came to know him later at Los Alamos) was driving at. Armed with this smattering of knowledge, I approached the speaker for further elucidation as soon as he had finished.

His first reaction, when he learned who I was and what I wanted, was explosive. "These mathematical symbols," he expostulated, "have no meaning in terms of words. I could not possibly translate what they mean in any language other than mathematics."

"Maybe I could tell you what they mean to me and you can tell me whether or not I am on the right track." Whereupon I began spinning

(Continued on page 36)



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**Fiction.** *John P. Marquand's "Point of No Return" is the most significant and interesting novel reviewed this week. It was perhaps inevitable that the painter of so many subtle portraits of vanishing Boston aristocrats and men of wealth should turn to today's crop of young money men for his subject. His hero, still nostalgic about his boyhood in Maine, embedded in a New York bank, is corseting himself into the mold of a conventional vice president. Here at last is a sympathetic, if not an encouraging, study of the modern banker, so often held up to ridicule or worse in contemporary literature. Another unusual subject, the American widow, is provided by Zelda Popkin's "Walk through the Valley"; for today most wives, according to actuarial tables, are destined for widowhood, and their problems have rarely been probed in fiction.*

# *Product of Private Enterprise*

*POINT OF NO RETURN. By John P. Marquand. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1949. 559 pp. $3.50.*

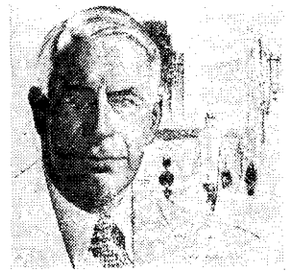
Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

ONCE, on a commuting train coming in to New York from Westchester, a man wearing an expensive pin-striped suit and a copy of *The Wall Street Journal* said something to me which I have never forgotten. That morning I had cut it rather fine, so to speak, and I did those last thirty feet to the moving car-step with a burst of speed not often seen outside the Penn Relays. As I took the vacant seat beside him he looked up from his paper and remarked that I seemed winded. "Nay, killed, Sire," I said. He said "What?" and I said, "Smiling the boy fell dead." He looked at me in polite astonishment and then his face cleared and he smiled and said, "Oh, yes. Ratisbon." "Right," I said. "We French, you know," and that was all that was said for several miles. Then he began one of those ritual conversations, during which I told him I had only recently moved to what he had so carefully referred to as "the country." "How do you like this commuting?" he asked. I said that I didn't like it. He nodded understandingly and then he said, quite seriously, "I know. There *is* an awfully *mixed* crowd on this train." We carried on a desultory conversation the rest of the way in, but I didn't remember what was said after that because I was wondering what had happened to a small boy who had probably once declaimed Browning before the class to make him grow up into the man who had said that about the 7:35, and how long it would be before the Putnam Division put on Jim Crow cars for all those making under twenty thousand a year.

On page 21 of "Point of No Return" Charles Gray is thinking about the 8:30 out of Stamford:

> You had a feeling that the rush of commuters was nearly over for the day and that of the whole army that had marched to the city only the rear guard was left. The men in the station gave an impression of executive leisure, appearing as if they did not have to arrive anywhere at any particular time, but as if nothing of importance could happen until they did arrive. Their mail would be open and waiting and everything else would be waiting.

Such things were extremely important to Charles Gray, who was forty-five, conventionally married and housed, and an assistant vice president of the conservative Stuyvesant Bank on Fifth Avenue. Some day, any day, he might be made a straight vice president; that is, if Anthony Burton ever made up his mind between Charles and Roger Blakesley, the other assistant vice president, Charles's outward friend and reasonable facsimile. Clothes were important (he was a little worried about his herringbone tweed) and manners; manners were very important. One must be assured and affable and always at ease, but also always watchful and never too eager. The façade must be built first, must be carefully erected between the world and the actual, perilous status; every tiny chink must be filled and the surface kept bright, against the day when Tony Burton would make up his mind, and promotion and income, that income you never mentioned but thought about constantly, would make that carefully-tended façade unnecessary. Until then you watched your



**THE AUTHOR:** If John Phillips Marquand has trussed a lot of stuffed shirts with their own foulards, he never meant it unkindly, nor, says he, in effigy of characters living or dead, including himself. After World War I service and an interlude on the *New York Tribune* he extolled O'Sullivan Heels, Lifebuoy, and a hard overall for J. Walter Thompson until he'd saved $400 with which to tenant a modest cupola in Boston while writing his first novel. "The Unspeakable Gentleman." *The Ladies Home Journal* serialized it in 1921, the editor later confessed, to tryout a new five-color press on illustrations of his lace-jaboted hero. He sold his next story to *The Saturday Evening Post* and has never since known want. "I have seen a good deal of the world since I left Harvard [in 1915]," he says, "most of the United States, including Hawaii and Canada, England, France, Germany, Persia, Malay and Indo-China, Mongolia and Japan." In the Orient he conceived the nimble Japanese Mr. Moto, whose lucrative movie and magazine life was a Pearl Harbor casualty. Afterwards he flew 20,000 miles through central Africa and India for the War Department. But for the grace of the late Alfred R. McIntyre, of Little, Brown, his Pulitzer-Prize winner, "The Late George Apley" [*SRL* Dec. 25], might never have been born and, via its stage and screen versions, introduced throngs to Back Bay. "Wickford Point," in 1939, decried the decay of New England culture, of which through ancestral galaxy he is scion. Among subsequent works, his "H. M. Pulham, Esquire" and "So Little Time" were Book-of-the-Month choices—a windfall he has been deprived of since becoming a BOMC judge himself four years ago. Relieved at having been born too late to be kissed by John Greenleaf Whittier, but "a good deal of an Apley" withal, he lives, atavistically, on a huge farm at Newburybort, Massachusetts, where he occasionally prepares a "paper" for the Tuesday Night Club.—R. G.



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step, you wore the right clothes, said the right things, and always refused the drink after dinner. That was the way Charles Gray, who had been born on the *second*-best street in the little town of Clyde, Maine, and who had not gone to Harvard, but to Dartmouth, was on that morning in April 1947, when the middle-class past which he had been shedding so assiduously came back to haunt him.

Malcolm Bryant brought Clyde, Maine, into the discreet, austere offices of the Stuyvesant Bank that morning, when he came in to cash a check and saw Charles Gray, after all these years. When Charles was shyly courting Jessica Lovell, who lived on Johnson Street, the *best* street in town, Malcolm Bryant had come to Clyde as a social anthropologist, to make a study of its folkways. Charles hadn't particularly liked being made to feel like a member of a tribe then, and he was a little embarrassed at Bryant's casual clothes and hearty conversation in the bank that morning. When Malcolm gave him a copy of "Yankee Persepolis," in which he had reduced the Grays and the Lovells and all the half-forgotten people of the town to the level of a fascinating ethnic group, Charles was angry and loyal, but strongest of all was the sharp nostalgia, as the streets, the elms, and the voices of Clyde came slanting across the carefully-forgotten years.

When he came back from lunch with Malcolm Bryant, Tony Burton told Charles that he wanted him to go up to Clyde, Maine, for a day or so, to look into the condition of a small industry there.

Expertly using a device of present and retrospect, John Marquand tells the story of Charles Gray, the boy who lived in the uneasy shadow of his irresponsible, charming, impecunious, and incurably optimistic father; who courted the town aristocrat's daughter and lost her, mostly because of money; who decided that things like what had happened to John Gray when the market crashed, and what had been said that night in Mr. Lovell's study would, if getting somewhere in the world would prevent it, never happen again.

This is, it seems to me, the best of John Marquand's books since "The Late George Apley" and, for me, he has done in John Gray, Charles's father, a portrait as good in every way as he did of Apley. Here is the delicate dissection, the evocation of aura, the alert, unfailing eye for the idiosyncrasy which has become an integral part of the individual, which has marked his best work, and which has made it often an uncomfortably

clear mirror of our time. His quiet irony plays over this novel constantly, clarifying the quiet, occasionally melancholy passages of the sections which re-create Charles Gray's youth, and sharpening, pointing delicately and clearly the tensions and the desperately-followed formulae of the man he has become: the composed, alert and guarded, frightened banker on the 8:30 out of Stamford, going into Grand Central in a shining groove, now long past the point of no return.

Here, incidentally, caught deftly in John Marquand's punishing satire is the portrait of the Businessman, a portrait which John Chamberlain, in last November's *Fortune*, complained was so sadly missing from the wall.

## *Sweet Memories*

*THE SPRINGS. By Anne Goodwin Winslow. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 1949. 227 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by
CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

GOSSAMER is the word for this. Fleeting, tenuous in plot, fragmentary in detail, "The Springs" succeeds in creating a persistent and a rare mood. Long after the book is read, the simple tale told, an essence remains, elusive and unreal like a melody half-remembered, a moment almost recaptured. Mrs. Winslow accomplishes her purpose without ever being precious. Her magic has method in it, her indirection never misses the mark, and her touch, fragile to a degree, remains unfailing.

What happens is simply that an elderly lady, resting on a promenade overlooking the Mediterranean, begins to remember her youth. She looks back to lost years at home in Tennessee, where the waters prove benecial enough to warrant the building

# *Your Literary I. Q.*

By Howard Collins

MISSING ADVERBS

In the following familiar quotations, submitted by Helen Pettigrew, of Charleston, Ark., the adverbs have been omitted. Can you supply them correctly? Allowing five points for each one, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 25.

1. What so ..... we hailed.
2. Flow ....., sweet Afton.
3. No place on earth do I love more .....
   Than old Virginny, the state where I was born.
4. O sweet and far from cliff and scar
   The horns of elfland ..... blowing!
5. Take her up .....
   Lift her with care.
6. No, the heart that is ..... loved never forgets.
7. ..... they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
   And in his cold ashes upbraid him.
8. ..... we'll roll along.
9. The lowing herd wind ..... o'er the lea.
10. ..... the fowler's eye
11. Startled at the stillness broken by reply so ..... spoken.
12. Comrade, where wilt thou be tonight
    When the loosed storm breaks .....?
13. Glad did I live and ..... die
    And I lay me down with a will.
14. We here ..... resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain.
15. And ..... dying, shall go down
    To the vile dust from which he sprang.
16. So, with an equal splendor the morning sun-rays fall
    With a touch ..... tender on the blossoms blooming for all.
17. Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
    And over it ..... her warm ear lays.
18. Speak ..... to your little boy
    And beat him when he sneezes.
19. "Bessie," ..... spoke the sexton.
20. And dark as winter was the flow
    Of Iser, rolling .....



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of a resort hotel. This brings life to the country community, admiration and excitement to the beautiful young girl, and a consciousness of the outside world.

We sense the rich contentment of the family, appreciate the mother's wisdom and father's heritage of culture. Educated by reading, at home with Shakespeare, Byron, and in the classical sphere, the seventeen-year-old Alice felt there was nothing she didn't know. But there was something. She learned it vicariously at first, and later through her own choice of a dashing English beau. She grew up because of the Springs; they were her source.

Gossip on the hotel veranda, scandal and summer intrigue, jealousy and passion, leading in one instance to murder, stir the land seasonally. Impoverished aristocrats join the *nouveaux riches* in taking the waters, in mingling with the local gentry, and in dotting the tranquil scene with drama. These were days of grace, manner, and leisure. The time was untroubled, unhurried, and unutterably sweet.

That sweetness is for us to savor. Mrs. Winslow allows us to share these lingering memories, breathing for a bit that scented air, partaking a little in the abundant life. But it is past, vanished, finished. The illusion alone lasts, and it is good. Above all, this dream of the departed South is untarnished by sentimentality. A perceptive imagination has vanquished it. Gone are the indigenous, clinging crinolines and saccharine serenades. The pillars may have toppled but experienced splendor stays.

"Here It Comes," by Donald Lester Dickson, USMC.

# *Voyage Through Despair*

*PORTRAIT IN TWO COLOURS. By Stuart B. Jackman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1949. 188 pp. $2.75.*

Reviewed by ROBERT HALSBAND

THIS slight British novel, though it is written in prose of poetic texture, manages to convey with remarkable effectiveness the grim truth of General Sherman's dictum about war. It also goes beyond being merely a war novel by describing how the world of civilians appears to a sensibility that has been stunned by its traumatic experiences. In achieving all this it is a powerful book.

"Coming home was the big thing." That is how the story begins. Simon Calder comes home to his mother's and father's house, to their sympathetic welcome and to comforts that seem utter luxury after his agonies in the desert wilderness. But he cannot readjust himself to civilian life, and when he receives an invitation to resume his theological studies at Edinburgh, he answers the letter in his mind:

> Dear Mr. Principal, I went away because I didn't know enough, and could say nothing. And now I've come back, and I know too much. And I can say nothing.

Christmas is approaching, and after persuading his parents to spend the holiday with him in Edinburgh, he drives their hired car down to the village gas station. On the way home he is impelled to speed and crash into a fence. Although he escapes with slight injuries, the doctor orders him to stay in bed, and while he lies in the darkened room he relives the years that have left their festering memories.

In the pictures that flicker in his memory we see him on the long haul aboard a troop transport. This prolonged nightmare leads, when he is stationed in the desert, to a still more horrible and prolonged nightmare on the endless sand under the merciless sun. His struggle is not against any visible enemy but "against the barren beaches of futility." He goes on a routine patrol with his fellow-driver, Alan, and before the trip ends, they have been lost on the torrid wastes, they have lived through a sandstorm (which is described with terrifying power); Alan sickens and dies in torment, and Simon, injured and hysterical, wrecks his truck. He is found by a scout car, and is carried to the desert hospital. It too has its share of squalid suffering. Then the war ends, and he is shipped back to England. In his memory he has thus recapitulated the grim measures of his dance of death, and as he awakens in the snug comfort of his parents' house, he hears carols sung by children outside. His conversation with the anonymous "gray voice" within is ending:

> And now, he thought, now I know a good deal more about the way things are. And now it seems that unless there is something to believe in, something bigger than we are, something that goes on being true always, then there isn't any way out of the mess.

After his voyage through despair, he has reached the haven of belief.

But his surrender to faith is unsustained by what we are told of his previous history. His sense of religion does not seem to affect his attitude on the troopship or on the desert, nor does it seem to exist, except by implication, in his life previous to enlistment. His resumption of faith is, if the pun may be overlooked, too simply the *deus ex machina* of his drama. There was, once upon a time, a slogan that there are no atheists in foxholes; Simon's (re)conversion after he comes out of his symbolic foxhole requires considerably more proof to knit it to the rest of the compelling story. It is perhaps dangerous for a reviewer to identify a character with its creator, but this story is obviously autobiographical. In 1941 Mr. Jackman, a student of theology and arts at Edinburgh, enlisted and spent three and a half years in the Near East and in Africa; in 1945 he re-



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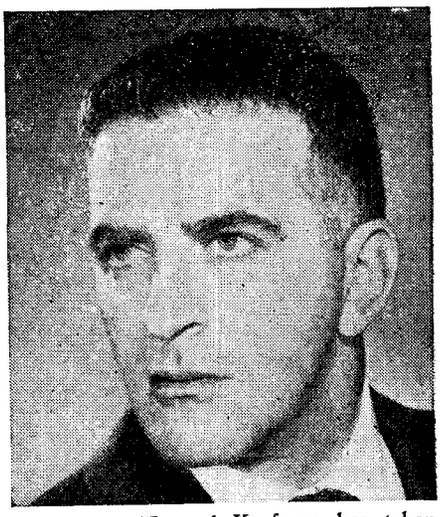
turned to England to complete his theological studies and become pastor of a Congregational Church in Devonshire. In real life he apparently returned to his faith after his searing adventures, but his spiritual rebirth is far less susceptible of being objectified in the form of fiction than the dramatic, external actions that preceded it. This in no way belittles his considerable talent. His book, whether or not one is convinced by its resolution, is still a moving account set down with rare sensitivity of a man's descent through the inferno of war.



"Lenard Kaufman has taken hold of a fascinating situation only to evade the solution."

# A Widow, but Still Human

*WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY. By Zelda Popkin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.* 1949. 320 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS

THE problem of what to do with widows has long beset human society. The Biblical method of marrying them to their husbands' brothers, the Hindoo one of burning them promptly on the husbands' pyres, the Christian one of shutting them up in convents, evidently did not prove practical enough to persist. The more primitive solution of slapping taboos on them and using them to wash dishes and draw water out of sight somewhere was not enough to keep them out of mind.

None of these simple masculine ideas considered that, after all, a widow is still not only a woman but a human being, with a natural thirst for an adequate life. Modern times acknowledge this with a shrug and have left it to the widows themselves to work out their own problems as best they can. Which is where many a modern story-teller comes in. Zelda Popkin, along with many others, has found that what a widow does to get herself out of the consequences of shock and grief and being half destroyed in the very middle of life, back into some kind of wholeness, mental as well as social, is good material for a book.

—*Arthur Dobbs.*

Zelda Popkin has nothing to say about "widows who look their age and have no special talents."

Miss Popkin ran the risk of writing a book of interest chiefly to women, not to girls, certainly, and not to old ladies, probably. I don't know what the reaction of the average reading man would be to such a book as "Walk Through the Valley." I don't believe it would be considered dignified or probable for a widower to go through such soul-searchings and despairs. So I am inclined to believe that this is primarily a middle-aged woman's book. Women who have known what it is to experience the shattering of a good marriage by the death of a good husband, will undoubtedly read it with attention.

They may not find that Miss Popkin has done more than solve the problem of this specific widow. Yet she makes Katherine Brewer and her husband, John, into happy and real people. John Brewer's meaty and intelligent humanness pervades the whole story, although he dies in the first chapter. His loss becomes one in which we can sympathize profoundly. Her grief, her sense of lostness and emptiness, seems completely authentic.

Miss Popkin's solution of her widow's problem is to provide her with a mild stage success and a new husband of a singularly baffling and complex nature. It is a specific solution which adds little to our thoughts about what is the best life for widows. It does, however, make a story easy to read which carries one along pleasantly to the happy ending, which is, after all, the end of all women's hopes.

Yet afterward one remembers that there are widows who look their age and have no special talents and no such elegant way of healing what was so deeply broken. Miss Popkin has nothing to say about them. I cannot feel that she has done more than tell a story brightly and entertainingly, holding us chiefly by the real strength of her feeling for character. Her style increases the sprightliness of the effect with an abrupt, staccato, jerky phrasing, as unformed as a monologue. It makes the whole thing seem much more sketchy than I am sure she intended.

# Idiot's Pawn

*TENDER MERCY. By Lenard Kaufman. New York: Creative Age Press.* 1949. 257 pp. $3.

Reviewed by SIEGFRIED MANDEL

THIS psychological melodrama comes to the reader in sixteen tightly-packed and neatly-tied prose chapters. It has an unusual angle, a strong dose of sex, competent writing, plus a sort of moral: the kind of recipe which the current commercial market advises for our novelists.

Sam and Alice Ballard hire Elizabeth Powell to take care of their idiot son, Aaron. For three years they lead a pleasant family life until Rudy Powell, Elizabeth's husband, who has been convalescing from tuberculosis in Arizona through Mr. Ballard's generosity, makes his unsavory entrance. Rudy quickly sizes up the situation and threatens to leave with Elizabeth, who has become completely necessary to Aaron's happiness, unless Mr. Ballard pays him huge sums of money whenever the whim seizes him to ask for it.

The Ballards feel that they must cling to Elizabeth at any cost, because without her Aaron becomes quite unmanageable and would have to be sent to an asylum. Because their physical attachment is too strong, Elizabeth will not send away her Rudy, although he is openly blackmailing these people who have been so good to both of them. The Ballards then try to replace Elizabeth, but the results are pathetic and unworkable. Soon they realize that Rudy's departure is only a matter of how long their money can last. Finally, when Rudy demands the ownership of Sam Bal-

(*Continued on page* 30)



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**The World.** *This week again our publishers are undertaking to provide the American people with guidance in making the crucial decisions upon which world peace may hang. Two of the new books reviewed offer general considerations of the problem, viewed through the eyes of men whose backgrounds are European. Robert Payne's "Report on America" and Fritz Sternberg's "Living with Crisis" suggest that we may best Communism by providing other nations with material as well as spiritual assistance; in both the generalities glitter. Two other books deal with areas where at the moment we are testing our strength against the USSR: Maurice Hindus's "In Search of a Future" is a sound and informative study of the Near East; General Claire Lee Chennault's autobiographical "Way of a Fighter" throws light on China.*

# *Persian Peasant and Arab Fellah*

*IN SEARCH OF A FUTURE. By Maurice Hindus. New York: Doubleday & Co.* 1949. 270 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL L. HANNA

AS the cold war continues and tension mounts, the Middle East assumes an increasingly important role in American foreign relations. Here is one of those borderlands—and a particularly strategic one located at the juncture of three continents and possessed of vast oil resources—over which the rulers of the Soviet Union are endeavoring to extend their control. The Truman Doctrine in Turkey and the growing American stake in Iran clearly show the concern of the United States Government for the security of the region and the countering of Russian influence. A major problem here, however, as in Greece and China, lies in the proper American approach to the social, economic, and political conditions of the area. Should assistance be offered to and support sought from the present nonprogressive leadership of the Arab lands and Iran or should an attempt be made to improve the lot of the masses and to build American influence and prestige upon their support and favor? In his new book, "In Search of a Future," Maurice Hindus is fundamentally concerned with this question, though he approaches it obliquely.

"In Search of a Future" is a sort of travelogue with attendant commentary, and the author is often at his best in his vivid descriptions of what he saw in his journeys through the Middle East. Teheran, Tabriż, Tel Aviv, and Cairo, that city of "startling contrasts and sensational incongruities," come alive for the reader. The author, however, is much more concerned with the people and the land than he is with cities. The hard plight of the Persian peasant and the Arab fellah is his principal theme.

The peasant of Persia, Iraq, and Egypt, whether a small owner or, as is more often the case, a tenant, is limited in his holding, exploited by the landlord or the moneylender, and bound by custom, ignorance, and governmental apathy to a primitive and inefficient system of agriculture. Drawing sometimes upon official and semi-official documents and sometimes upon secondary materials, but most often depending upon his own brilliant powers of reporting, Mr. Hindus reveals a picture of disease, poverty, and misery in the Moslem lands of the Middle East which will not be pleasing to the Arab and Persian leaders and their apologists but which is essentially true.

The potentialities of this situation alarm Mr. Hindus. If the peasant cannot "find or be shown a genuine solution of the land problem, he will reach out for a false one. He will listen to anybody who . . . offers him the land without which he cannot live. If the West will not help him while it still can, the East eventually will. If Western democracy fails to meet the challenge of the landless or land-poor peasant, Communism will run away with the triumph. . . ."

—*Fitzpatrick in* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**"Any Other Way to Stop Communism?"**

In Israel Mr. Hindus finds a model for the reforms he thinks necessary in the entire Middle East. The Zionist agricultural program with its draining of the marshes and its conquest of malaria, its irrigation of desert areas, its terracing of the eroded hills, its introduction of new crops and strains of animals and of modern, intensive methods of farming offers, he feels, "a scientifically drafted blueprint for the solution of the ever-present and ever-pressing ailments" of the Moslem lands.

It must be borne in mind, more clearly indeed than Mr. Hindus always seems to, that the Jews have had heavy financial assistance from abroad, that they have had the advantages of education and special training, and that they have been possessed by a burning determination to restore the soil of Israel and to recreate upon it a balanced economy in which labor on the land would have an honored place. Such circumstances will not be exactly reproduced in the surrounding countries. Nevertheless Mr. Hindus is correct in feeling that many lessons could be learned from the Jewish experiment by the other Middle Eastern peoples and governments.

In his inaugural address January 20 President Truman advocated a "bold new program for . . . the improvement and growth of undeveloped areas." American aid to the lands of the Middle East, both in the form of government grants and private investments, is likely to be forthcoming. If used to promote and encourage land reform, agricultural development, and a balanced economic growth, such expenditures may pay dividends not solely in profits but in human well-being and in the defense of democracy. If used merely to bolster the old order, American expenditures and investments will not only fail of their intended purpose but will almost certainly play into the hands of Communism. This is the thesis of "In Search of a Future" and it is a message which should be heeded today.

*Paul L. Hanna, professor of history at the University of Florida, is author of "British Policy in Palestine." Dr. Hanna was a member of the research staff of the Anglo-American Palestine Committee and also served on President Truman's Cabinet Committee on Palestine.*



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# *Flying Tiger in Chiang Kai-shek's Camp*

*WAY OF A FIGHTER. By Major General Claire Lee Chennault, U. S. A. (Ret.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.* 1949. 375 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by HALLETT ABEND

"THE United States is losing the Pacific war."

That is the opening sentence of the foreword to General Claire Lee Chennault's "Way of a Fighter." The general begins his long book with punch after punch. The whole first page consists of a succession of well-timed punches, and this reader's hopes soared high.

Unfortunately, the general, as a writer, is unable to maintain his literary punches at the same high level as he kept the fighting ability of his famous Flying Tigers during the war against Japan.

Here is a work that should constitute a mine of facts for future historians. Instead, the author soon begins to attempt to demolish the reputations of all men who differed with him on the conduct of the war in Asia. From that it is an easy transition to self-glorification.

A reader entirely uninformed about the times and areas of which General Chennault writes might put down the book, after reading through to the last page, with the belief that Roosevelt and Churchill threw away fine chances for winning the war by not following Chennault's advice. He would have the conviction that the British were everywhere so inept that they deserved to lose. He would believe that General Marshall failed, not only on his diplomatic mission to China, but that he was not efficient as Chief of Staff, and permitted petty personal matters to influence his decisions.

Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, according to this book, were always above reproach, and the late Lieut. Gen. Joseph Stilwell might have succeeded as a jungle battalion commander, but had no greater abilities. He would have learned, if he believed the Chennault arguments, that General Stilwell was also responsible for the corruption and inefficiency which caused Chiang Kai-shek to lose Manchuria and all of China north of the Yangtsze River to the Chinese Communists.

From his own account of his professional career as a soldier, General Chennault seems to have suffered a long series of injustices at the hands of the War Department. These injustices, coupled with the years of frustrations when his zone in China was erroneously classed as a sideshow and he fought continuously against a heartbreaking lack of priorities for men and essential equipment and materials, have combined to curdle his judgments.

In many ways this is a forthright and courageous book. Much of it was written fairly recently in Shanghai, "with China crumbling before my eyes," as Chennault phrases it, and much of the author's high indignation is justified. But he writes as an avowed partisan of Chiang Kai-shek's China, and as an impatient and irascible critic of American policy in the Far East. The poorly-edited text indicates that he also wrote in great haste, but haste and the pressure of tragic events do not justify his many misstatements of fact.

For instance, he says that it was not until January 1947 that the "mystery" of what happened to the Japanese army equipment in Manchuria was cleared up. The fact is that it was widely known as long ago as December 1945 that the Russians had given to the Chinese Communists the enormously valuable lot of war supplies surrendered to them by the 625,000 Japanese who laid down their arms in Manchuria. Chennault vastly exaggerates when he says this stockpile was sufficient "to supply a million men for ten years of fighting." Japan, at the war's end, did not have that much material in all her Empire, from Java to the Siberian borders.

The book abounds with errors. For instance, it states that Chiang Kai-shek "spent part of his education in Moscow's Communist academies." Actually, the Generalissimo was in Moscow less than four months on his one visit there, and attended no "Communist academies."

Describing his first meeting with Madame Chiang, in the summer of 1937, Chennault says: "Suddenly a vivacious young girl clad in a modish Paris frock tripped into the room." This "young girl" was Madame Chiang, then nearing 40. All of her Paris frocks had been sold or given away when she married General Chiang in 1927, for he insisted that she must never wear "foreign-style" clothes.

—*Lelia B. Ryan.*

**Claire Lee Chennault—"an impatient and irascible critic of American policy in the Far East."**

Chennault's tales of complacency in the American Consulate General in Shanghai, and in that city generally, early in August of 1937, just before the Sino-Japanese war spread to that city, are also contrary to facts. Shanghai was panicky at that time, and evacuation of American women and children to Manila was already in full swing. The general is even incorrect as to the bombing of his own planes in Shanghai that month. He locates the Japanese flagship, the *Idzumo,* on the wrong side of the river, and confuses the death toll of 950 people at the Race Track bombing with the death toll of 480 around the Wing On department store on Nanking Road a few days later. I know; I was there.

As a matter of taste, the reference to the Burma Road as Stilwell's "worthless boondoogle" should have been omitted. Thousands of American and other lives were not thrown into any worthless boondoogle by Stilwell or any other American commander, and personal spleen should be restrained before going to these lengths.

If Chennault's book is correct about the war in the Far East, the history of that struggle will have to be entirely rewritten. On October 8, 1942, nearly three years before Japan's surrender, General Chennault, according to his own account, made a written report to Wendell Willkie, then in China as President Roosevelt's personal representative. This report said:

> To accomplish the downfall of Japan, I need only this very small American Air Force—105 fighter aircraft of modern design, thirty medium bombers, and in the last phase, *some months from now,* twelve heavy bombers. The force must be constantly maintained at all times. We will have losses. These losses must be replaced. I *consider thirty per cent* replacements in fighters and twenty per cent in bombers sufficient.

General Chennault says that Mr. Willkie delivered the whole report to the President, and "he in turn forwarded it to the War Department, where it created a major scandal." As well it might!

*Hallett Abend served as China correspondent for* The New York Times *from* 1927 *to* 1941. *He is the author of "Ramparts of the Pacific," "My Life in China," and other books.*



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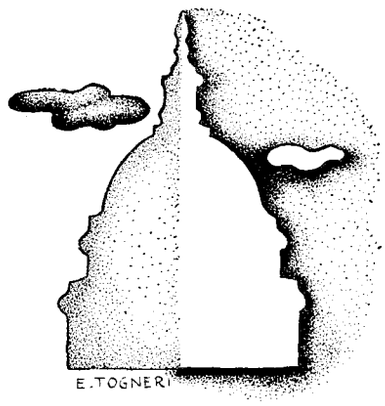
# U. S. Global View

*REPORT ON AMERICA. By Robert Payne. New York: The John Day Co. 1949. 279 pp. $3.50.*

Reviewed by OSCAR HANDLIN




THE author of "Report on America" is by birth an Englishman and by preference a "citizen of the world." Long residence in the Far East and in the United States has endowed him with the perspective to view America in its global context. Dismayed, as is every sensitive man, by the cataclysmic deterioration of the years since the peace with Japan, he has attempted, in this volume, to delineate the international situation as Americans should see it. And to dispel the sense of fear, the seeming absence of alternatives that has characterized our recent actions, he has ventured to recommend a course that would give us world leadership without war.

The fundamental problem is that of relationships with Russia, where we are confronted with the menace of a society dominated by an unfree philosophy diametrically opposed to our own. Our task is not only to contain Communism, but aggressively to fight the Communist way of life by demonstrating the superiority of our own social and economic system.

In this struggle, the United States must win to its side two potential allies. The peoples of Western Europe, who share with us a common culture, must be enabled, by material and spiritual assistance, to repair the damage of war and of internal disorder. With the same kind of aid, the peoples of Asia can be persuaded that America offers the best hope for putting within their reach the conditions of prosperity and of human dignity. With these our partners, the Soviet Union will be no threat; it will itself be mortally threatened.

The United States is in a strategic position for leadership of the free world because it alone enjoys the productive capacity capable of supplying goods enough. But, Mr. Payne insists, this material power can be effective only if combined with social power. There must be a "sociological arm" to our assistance. We must convince the world of the spiritual integrity of our purposes by reaffirming the universal validity of the Bill of Rights and by adding to it a "second bill of rights" that would include the right to work. A Department of Peace, with a secretary of cabinet rank, could then set to work and win friends in every corner of the earth by judicious export of bread and doctrine.

With these admirable objectives, no man of good will will find fault. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Payne's statement of these objectives is such as to convince none but the converted and to confirm not even those in their faith. His argument is wrapped up in an involved, cushiony prose that only the most persistent reader will penetrate. In sentences and paragraphs of bewildering length, Mr. Payne's ideas shoot off at confused tangents while the central point is lost in a maze of rhetoric. Inconclusive metaphors and paradoxical figures of speech take the place of logical development. Occasionally a rewarding nugget turns up. But the whole is extraordinarily prolix, often contradictory, and consistently difficult to follow.

These stylistic difficulties are directly related to a fundamental gap in Mr. Payne's thinking. In this book, he deals entirely with the realm of what should be done, as if that were altogether independent of considerations of feasibility and probability. These earnest calls upon America to guide the rest of the world to salvation reveal a distressing lack of appreciation for the real situation in the United States.

Mr. Payne's America is an extraordinarily simple place, knowable from a reading of Emerson, Melville, and Whitman. No fear of conflicts in the interests of class or section or ethnic affiliation ever stands in the way of the smooth flow of these hortatory injunctions. Mr. Payne can argue the effectiveness of an army of several million "peace men" sent to live and work in Europe and Asia without troubling himself over questions of how. That he seriously sets forth the scheme as if it were capable of immediate realization is evidence enough that his is not thinking, but day-dreaming. And day-dreams, even well intentioned ones, are not reliable guides in these troubled times.

*Oscar Handlin, a member of the Harvard University history department, is editor of "This Was America," a forthcoming collection of accounts of America by European travelers.*

# For USSE

*LIVING WITH CRISIS. By Fritz Sternberg. New York: The John Day Co. 1949. 184 pp. $2.50.*

Reviewed by ASHER BRYNES

FRITZ STERNBERG is for the Marshall Plan, as he still calls it, in a very special way. He is for it if we use the money to encourage a Socialist "transformation" of the countries of Western Europe and to bind the ensuing Socialist national components into a United Europe, while arming them to defend their true Socialism against the Soviet Communism which claims, deceptively, to be the truer Socialism. Simultaneously, he is for it if we break the power of American big business, stop inflation, restore the savings of the American people, raise wages and take a variety of similar measures to avoid economic recession in the near future, and a full-scale depression later on, when the USSE (United Socialist States of Europe) is able to stand on its own feet.

These requirements are so thoroughly interrelated in Mr. Sternberg's mind that no one of them is less important than any other. For instance, if we do not stop inflation we will have a recession despite the buoyant effect of Marshall Plan expenditures; nor will we then be able to save our skins by piling more armament relief on top of ordinary relief through an expansion of what he calls "military lend-lease." As Mr. Sternberg sees it, politics, strategics, and economics are inseparable today; this trinity is the twentieth-century equivalent of the eternal dialectic, anciently foreshadowed in the writings of Plato and finally isolated in its purest form by Hegel-Marx. The thesis of our time is peace, whose antithesis is war; the synthesis of both is Socialism.

How does the formula apply in the present case? Simply thus: if we allow a recession to happen here there will be a clamor from American recipients of relief for the European portion too; in other words the undialectical masses of American citizens will be sure to remind their Government that charity begins at home. That is the reverse of Mr. Sternberg's philosophy. He sketches the consequences of such a subversion of his ideas with a lavish parade of shock phrases.

Today, he says, the American economy is affected by the international situation as never before in its history. The rest of the whole world is in a gigantic process of "transformation," which is accompanied by the gravest crisis, and the Soviet Union is exploit-



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ing this crisis to extend its conquests. Because such action affects the world balance of power, the United States is intervening too, but with "exports of capital and of raw materials, machines, and food." Shortly the United States will export free weapons as well; meanwhile, we have vigorously boosted our domestic military expenditures.

These two sets of factors are squared rather than just added together by Mr. Sternberg's political-strategical-economic formula to yield, in conclusion, a brand-new thing. What he proposes, so far as I can make it out, is based on a sort of fourth-dimensional synergy which, he says, will arise from the combined effects of total war spending and total peace spending and total (*i. e.*, international) relief spending *undertaken simultaneously*. He refrains from naming this ultimate type of economy; indeed, he wavers between two adjectives in describing what he calls the preliminary to it, our present "armament" or "truce" economy. However, it is possible to identify what he is driving at without giving away any secrets that Mr. Sternberg, apparently, wants to keep. What he discreetly forebodes is the political and economic system under which we can strain ourselves as much in peacetime as in wartime, without resorting to any formal dictatorship. What he loudly says is that it will be good for us, and if we don't see this shortly we will have to accept it anyway.

### FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 297

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 297 will be found in the next issue.*

CMXER CPWYSVI PW PR

NWWNRGN E CPWYSVI SB

PANEW.—CNVFNVY O. KNZZW.

*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 296*

Preferring to store her money in the stomachs of the needy rather than hide it in a purse.
—St. Jerome.

# Belles-Lettres.

*It was Hippolyte Taine—as Professor Spiller reminds us in the review of Howard Mumford Jones's "Theory of American Literature" we publish below—who advanced the thesis that all culture is the product of race, time, and environment. From Professor Jones's espousal of this thesis stem both the virtues and inadequacies of his little book. The careers of contemporary Irish writers test Taine's dogma. Many of the luminaries who write in the English language are Irish. As Horace Reynolds observes in reviewing O'Casey's "Inishfallen Fare Thee Well," nearly all have turned their backs on Ireland, though they reflect their Irish heritage. John Dickson Carr's "Life of Conan Doyle" is about another writer of Irish stock, the fascinating creator of that most English of Englishmen, Sherlock Holmes.*

## *O'Casey in Erin, 1917-26*

*INISHFALLEN FARE THEE WELL. By Sean O'Casey. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1949. 396 *pp.* $4.75.

Reviewed by Horace Reynolds

THIS fourth installment of the long autobiography which the Irish dramatist Sean O'Casey is writing from his happy exile in England opens with the Amnesty of 1917 and the return home from prison camp and prison cell of the boys who were out in the Easter Week Rebellion. It closes in 1926, with O'Casey singing "Farewell to Erin" from the deck of a boat in the best tradition of the Irish exile bound for other shores.

O'Casey here writes of the death and funeral of his mother, whose eager urge to be forever useful lasted to the day she died. In her O'Casey has created another splendid portrait of an Irish worker's wife. One wonders is she or Juno the finer portrait. Juno owes her much, though Juno lacks the humor and the fine ringing laugh of O'Casey's mother, which held its youth and freshness to the hour of her death. O'Casey also writes vividly of his drunken brother Mike but rather dimly of the girl he left behind him: Sean can write the comedy but not the sentiment of sex. He devotes a chapter to Father Walter McDonald, a liberal professor at St. Patrick's Catholic College of Maynooth, to whom O'Casey slyly dedicates this fourth volume of his autobiography.

O'Casey has a long, good chapter on Lady Gregory, whom he truly recognizes as the force who kept the Abbey alive and going. He has a long, tiresome, derogatory chapter on AE. Sean should get AE out of his hair. This is the second big offensive; the first one took place in "Drums Under the Windows." O'Casey is so pleased and proud to have discovered Barry Fitzgerald that he tells the story twice, and well he may, for there has been a part for Barry Fitzgerald in every play Sean has written since (a good example of the influence the actor can have upon the dramatist), although, worse luck, Barry has played in few of them.

These are the years in which Sean harvested his genius quickly, creating in two years the two great plays of Irish slum life which sent, still send, and probably long will send, a shock of joy to the world. Naturally Sean's account of their production—unfortunately there is little here about their writing—will be of much interest to all students of the modern drama. It is interesting to hear Sean deny again what has been so often repeated—that he learned to write plays by seeing them put on at the Abbey. He had been to the Abbey but twice when he wrote his first play, but Sean owes the Abbey more than he will willingly admit. Whether he likes it or not, he is an Abbey product, as anyone can see who reads between the lines of this book.

There is surprisingly little elation in Sean's memories of these richly creative years. Not even the row over "The Plough" stirs him up much. Too many have told it before, among them Lady Gregory in her recently published journals. Perhaps the key to this lack of elation lies in Sean's later realization that the plays which the Abbey rejected were better than many they had put on, a judgment which the contemporary Irish criticism of "The Plough," which O'Casey here reprints, does much to support. Had the Abbey been more hospitable to O'Casey's work (plays which when they did finally accept them kept their



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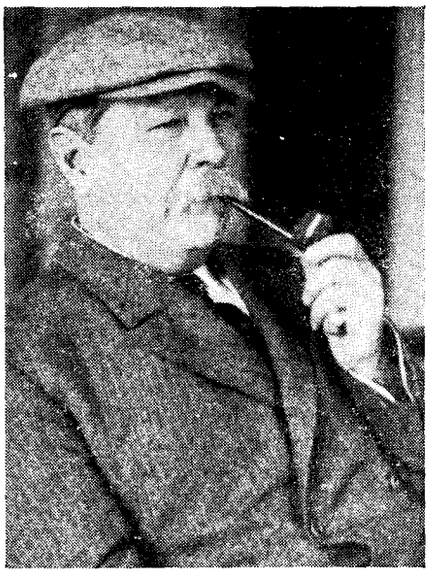
theatre from going dark), had Dublin welcomed instead of rioting over "The Plough," O'Casey might have stayed on in Dublin to write more.

O'Casey is a great humorist and a great creator of character; indeed, it is character not plot which holds his plays together: "Juno" *is* Juno and "The Plough" *is* Fluther Good. Consequently, the best scenes in this book and its predecessors are such slum scenes as the gorgeous bit of the humor of love which O'Casey here compresses into the short interval between two successive night raids by the Black and Tans, or the flashes of Dublin literary life lighted up by O'Casey's sharp eye and caustic humor. Such a scene is the explosion at James Stephens's party which sends poor old AE home, wounded, all the air let out of him by the stab of Tom McGreevy's witty jibe. Here is the triumph of ruthless wit over kindness on which Dublin feeds. This eighteenth-century malice is the spice of Irish memoirs from George Moore to Michael MacLiammoir, and O'Casey has made his contribution.

O'Casey's experience also gives power to his criticism of the system which produced the social conditions out of which he pulled himself, hoist on his own hod. Here he speaks with the emotional authority of one who has had his nose rubbed into much moral and physical ugliness, watched the talents of his mother, his brother Mike, and his sister Ella, fade into waste for want of opportunity. He is an emotional not an intellectual artist; his material is richer than his comprehension of it. He is an organic writer, who writes with his body, writes what he is; he is an instinctive, spontaneous dramatist. Take him away from his people and their dialect, the crowded pavements from which he gets his strength, and he loses much of his power.

There are weak and sentimental pages in this book but there are strong and dramatic ones to seesaw them up. As usual O'Casey's style is melodious with song and saying, his constant drafts on that part of verse which belongs to the common memory giving his writing a quasi-folk flavor. In this volume, however, he writes more simply, but no less eloquently, than in some of the previous ones; there is less verbal counterpoint here, more realism, less fantasy. Occasionally his great gift for words leads him to use them carelessly, less for meaning than for the sound and fury in them. Like most good Irish writers today, he sees Ireland drowning in a sea of holy water, an outpost of civilization, an Ultima-Thulian island drifting daily farther and farther into the dimness of beyond the beyond.

# *All This and Sherlock Holmes, Too*



Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—"There was in this man something a little larger than life."

*THE LIFE OF SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. By John Dickson Carr. New York: Harper & Bros.* 1949. 304 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

THIS is a season of multiple biographies by distinguished amateurs. Robert Sherwood, a playwright, gave us the dual history of Roosevelt and Hopkins; now John Dickson Carr, a mystery novelist, writes a triple biography which only a mystery novelist could have done so well. For it is not only the life of Conan Doyle; it is also, as Carr demonstrates, the life of Sherlock Holmes; and it is further, as he must have seen but is too tactful to admit, the life of John H. Watson, M.D. Conan Doyle would not have liked to see it so described. As is well known, he regarded Holmes and the fame he brought his creator with an amused annoyance ("he takes my mind off better things"); and his opinion of Watson was even lower. But Holmes and Watson were parts of Conan Doyle—as Gerard and Samkin Aylward, for instance, were not; only, he was a man of many other parts too.

He wrote an immense amount of fiction, some of it first rate and some of it terrible; and what he did gave him a fame that obscured what he was. One of the merits of Carr's biography is that even a devotee of the fiction (or some of the fiction) ends by wondering whether what he was or what he did was more important. At any rate, they are equally good reading; if Carr's book reads like a novel, that is because Conan Doyle's life was a novel; and he was himself a more remarkable character than any he ever created. (But this is not a "novelized" biography. Carr has documented everything from the immense accumulations of a man, and a family, who apparently never threw away anything in manuscript or in print. It appears to be an authorized biography; but what it loses from that is far less than it gains from access to the material.)

Leave the writings for the moment and look at the man. The Doyles were Irish, and their fathers were kings—not Irish kings, but there was a Plantagenet in the family tree, seven centuries back, not to speak of the ducal house of Brittany. You might say that 700 years is time enough for kings and dukes to accumulate a good many descendants; but you had better not have said that to Mary Foley Doyle (the Ma'am, as her favorite son called her), who took genealogy seriously and had a keen sense of the difference between her husband's ancestors, mere "gentlefolk of ancient descent," and her own who were feudal nobility. She took blazonry seriously too; and taught her son Arthur to read it with an ease that was later useful to young Alleyne Edricson.

The feudal domains had long been lost when he was born; but uncles were successful artists in London, a great-uncle was a distinguished art critic in Paris. Arthur's father was an artist too, but an unsuccessful one, who had to earn his living as a government clerk, and devoted his day off to paintings that seem to have been much like the work of Charles Addams, without its salable qualities. But by family sacrifices and his own hard work Arthur got his medical degree at Edinburgh, and the uncles who knew everybody were prepared to help him get his start in London; when a calamitous obstacle intervened. They were all devout Catholics; Arthur, in medical school, had lost the family faith and was already convinced that, as he wrote many years later, "belief and faith are small matters beside character and behavior." Here was his first crisis, and he met it with the "ferocious stubbornness" he had already shown at school. To the uncles, faith was primary; deprived of their favor, he went off on his own to a practice whose patients at first were so few that he not only had to, but had plenty of time to write fiction to make both ends meet.

The story of those early years is well known—the slow beginnings,

(*Continued on page* 31)



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# Hiroshima's Idea

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Rev. Kiyoshi Tanimoto, author of the following guest editorial, has come to the United States on a speaking tour under the auspices of the Methodist Board of Missions. He is seeking American support for his plan, which the editors enthusiastically endorse and with which they will associate themselves.*

THE people of Hiroshima, aroused from the daze that followed the atomic bombing of their city on Aug. 6, 1945, know themselves to have been part of a laboratory experiment which proved the long-time thesis of peacemakers. Almost to a man, they have accepted as a compelling responsibility their mission to help in preventing further similar destruction anywhere in the world. This was clearly demonstrated in 1947 when representatives of 350 religious and civic associations and organizations established The Hiroshima Peace Association. Impetus to this organization was given by a citywide memorial day celebrated on August 6, 1946, under the sponsorship of the local branch of the Japanese Association of Religious Organizations (including Shintoist, Buddhist, and Christian bodies). The Hiroshima Peace Association planned the annual observances which followed on August 6, 1947, and 1948, designating the day as World Peace Day. The day has also been celebrated in other parts of the world.

The people of Hiroshima do not feel that the annual commemoration of this day is enough. They earnestly desire that out of their experiences there may develop some permanent contribution to the cause of world peace. Towards this end, we propose the establishment of a World Peace Center, international and non-sectarian, which will serve as a laboratory of research and planning for peace education throughout the world; and in connection with this center, we propose various subsidiary agencies.

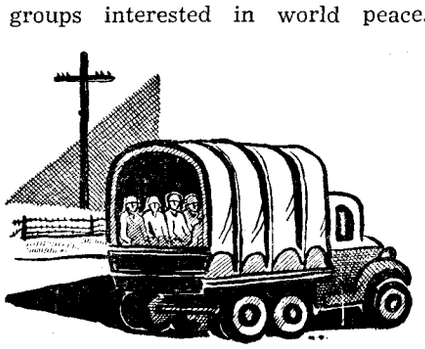
EACH year throughout the world, millions of dollars are spent on research for war. Relatively little is spent on research for peace. While recognizing the splendid services of such agencies for peace research as now exist, the people of Hiroshima feel that the time has come to organize a new project on an even larger basis than formerly conceived. This new agency would cooperate with all existing agencies and would attempt, on a world scale, to coordinate their research and findings.

Blueprints for such an institution must be left to experts in the field, but it is envisioned that there would be departments of research, international relations, and peace education. Facilities for study on a graduate level should be provided. For such a school, the whole of Japan would serve as a laboratory.

Until plans are projected by experts, it would be difficult to estimate the cost of World Peace Center. The city and people of Hiroshima will provide a site and contribute as much as they can afford. The site we propose is the grounds of Hiroshima Castle, built 350 years ago by a feudal lord, Terumoto Mohri. This castle was occupied by the Asano family, lords of Hiroshima until the Meiji era, for 250 years. Later, it was the seat of the Fifth Division of the Japanese Army until the date of the atomic collapse.

With the establishing of World Peace Center in Hiroshima, we anticipate that agencies and movements for world peace will desire to establish world headquarters, or liaison offices, nearby. The city of Hiroshima will offer every assistance and service possible to such organizations.

The establishing of such a center in Hiroshima will serve as both an attraction and a challenge to religious groups interested in world peace.



Hiroshima will then offer splendid opportunities for study and research. There also will be the practical opportunities for transforming what was a military center, now suffering from the first catastrophe of the Atomic Age, into the type and kind of community, indeed into the kind of nation, in which World Peace Center should be located.

Already in the Hiroshima Peace Association, Buddhists, Shintoists, and Christians have shown great interest in the future contribution of Hiroshima to World Peace. Buddhists have been particularly active in their work with governmental relief and rehabilitation agencies. The Roman Catholics are planning a great community and educational program centering around their projected new cathedral, funds for which are being provided from outside of Japan.

Already, too, the pastors and laymen of the Protestant churches in Hiroshima have laid plans for an extensive program of peace education and social service. These plans call for the building of a memorial church adjacent to World Peace Center, the establishing of a health center and hospital particularly equipped to deal with atom patients, homes for war widows and children, an orphanage, a home for the aged, a social rehabilitation center for juvenile delinquents, an informal educational program, and a program of adult education.

The Protestants of Hiroshima are looking to the United Church of Christ in Japan and to the Protestant churches of America for support in this endeavor.

WE ARE inviting representative persons of various faiths and nationalities who are interested in World Peace Center to become members of World Peace Center Sponsors (interfaith and international). We believe that we will be able to obtain eminent world figures as the officers of this committee.

We are hoping that the members of the committee in each nation will form a national committee for the support of the project, *e.g.*, The American Sponsors of World Peace Center or World Peace Center Sponsors in Japan.

In order to further the planning for World Peace Center and to receive and act as custodian of funds, we are in process of organizing World Peace Center Foundation, Inc., at 150 Fifth Ave., New York City. This corporation will have a counterpart in Hiroshima to handle local matters there.

We know this is a large undertaking. We are not afraid of its bigness. The cost of dropping one atom bomb could make it possible—and we be-



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lieve a world which used us as its laboratory test in time of war will want to make it possible for us to explore the ways of peace.

KIYOSHI TANIMOTO,
Pastor, Nagaregawa Church of Christ
Hiroshima, Japan.

## *Thyssen vs. Reves*

IN *SRL* [October 16] we reported an interview in Koenigstein, Germany, with Fritz Thyssen, former steel king, on trial before a German de-Nazification court. The principal item of evidence at the trial was the book "I Paid Hitler," appearing over Herr Thyssen's name and published early in the war. The book was in the nature of a renunciation and denunciation. As a confession, it told of Herr Thyssen's key position in the growth of the Nazi Party. The stated purpose of the book was to warn free peoples everywhere, and especially businessmen who thought they could accommodate themselves to a Nazi victory, of the true nature of Hitlerism.

"I Paid Hitler" was of critical importance in the de-Nazification trial at Koenigstein because around it the prosecution attempted to prove that Herr Thyssen was a major Nazi. The fact that he had broken with Nazism might be taken into consideration in determining the penalty, the prosecution said, but Thyssen's primary role in making Hitlerism possible, as revealed in the book, called for a verdict of guilt and appropriate punishment.

In his defense, Thyssen claimed that the book was a literary forgery, and that it was written at the direction of Emery Reves, who operated an international publishing syndicate. Thyssen said that he had agreed to write the book, and had actually signed a contract, but asserted that only ten pages were approved at the time work was discontinued on the book, and that this was the total extent of the authorized manuscript taken by Reves on his successful escape to England. (Thyssen sought refuge in Unoccupied France but was turned over to the Nazis by the Vichy Government, spending the rest of the war in various concentration camps.) Herr Thyssen further charged that the book was probably published on the assumption that he had been killed by the Nazis and that there would be no way of disproving its authenticity. He further contended that the contract with Mr. Reves called for his, Thyssen's, approval of the complete manuscript before publication.

Several weeks after our interview with Herr Thyssen, we saw Mr. Reves at a world government conference in Luxembourg. Mr. Reves denied categorically Thyssen's charges. He said that the collaborative work on the book had not been completed at the time of the German invasion of France, but that out of the 280 pages which were to comprise the published book, 160 pages had been revised and corrected personally by Herr Thyssen in manuscript. The equivalent of eighty book pages consisted of dictated manuscript which Herr Thyssen could not revise or approve because work on the book was cut short by the German invasion of France. The remaining forty pages in the book consisted of publisher's notes and an appendix.

Mr. Reves specifically denied that the contract with Herr Thyssen required him to obtain the author's final authorization before publication. His reluctance and delay in releasing the book for publication were caused solely by his fears for the safety of Thyssen, then in Nazi hands. But the value of the book to the anti-Nazi cause at such a critical time in the war (1941-42), plus the fact that Thyssen's letters to Hitler and Goering had already been published by *Life* magazine (such material comprising the strongest part of the book), justified Reves's decision to proceed even though one-third of the dictated material had not been revised by Thyssen himself.

We reported these facts in our editorial, pointing out that if the de-Nazification court should declare that Herr Thyssen was only a "minor" rather than a "major" Nazi, the implication would be that it believed Thyssen's disavowal of any real part in "I Paid Hitler," which the prosecution said detailed his major role in getting Hitler started—regardless of whatever later anti-Nazi value Thyssen's renunciation of Hitlerism in the book might have had. We also reported Mr. Reves's offer to show *SRL* editors the actual manuscript, then in a safe in Mr. Reves's New York office.

On October 3, 1948, the de-Nazification court at Koenigstein set Herr Thyssen free, after adjudging him a self-confessed "minor" Nazi. Herr Thyssen thereupon left for Brussels.

* * *

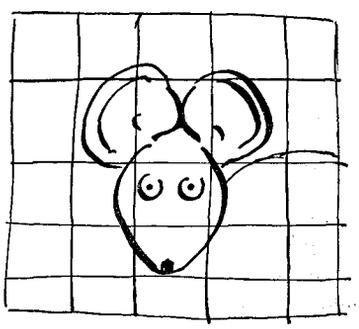
When Mr. Reves returned to this country some weeks ago he communicated with the editors and arranged for them to examine the Thyssen papers. Dr. Canby, Miss Loveman, and I went through this material. Approximately 150 manuscript pages, in French, carried handwritten corrections identified by Mr. Reves as belonging to Herr Thyssen. This handwriting appeared to our lay eyes to be similar to Thyssen's handwriting on the contract and on other items shown to us by Reves. We also saw the balance of the dictated but uncorrected material. In reading the contract, it was clear that there was no specific provision, as stated by Herr Thyssen, requiring Reves to obtain final authorization before publication.

Taking all the available evidence into account, the editors have accepted Mr. Reves's version of the episode. Incidentally, we were impressed with a letter from Herr Thyssen's daughter thanking Mr. Reves for publishing the book, and commending it as service to the anti-Nazi cause.

A copy of this editorial is being sent to Herr Thyssen, now in Brussels, where he has apparently taken up residence.

—N. C.

## *Atomic Age Fables*



### II. The Freedom of the Hero

THE white mouse in the sterile laboratory nuzzled its nose through a window of the wire cage. It saw a dark, dirty brother mouse on the floor.

"They will trap you," said the white mouse.

But the gray mouse smiled and answered:

"You are already trapped."

"Oh, but there is purpose in my life. There is reason. There is service. There is an ideal. But you—you have to search out your food in horrible places. Your health is the concern of no one. I am certain you have fleas. For these things I have no fear. I am well fed, well kept, and when it comes time for me to die, though they will put me to sleep, it will be the sleep of a hero."

"There is much reason in what you say," the gray mouse answered, "it is clean here, and your fur is as white as a cloud in summer. These things I shall never have. I have no purpose, no aim, no ideal. I have only the freedom to find the way to die."

—J. S.



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### No Pipe

SIR: Surely something has gone wrong in your illustrating department. The last issue contained a number of pictures of various authors and not one of them had a pipe in his mouth. Does this leave us in doubt as to their masculinity?

R. G. EARLEY.

Geneva, Ill.

### "The Island"

SIR: I feel compelled to make one minor objection to the review of my novel "The Island" by Sara Henderson Hay [*SRL* Dec. 25]. The objection has nothing to do with her appraisal of the novel as a novel, but rather with an error she has made about my opinion of the Navy with reference to the Aleutian campaign.

She says that I "evidently" consider the Navy as "fumbling" the Aleutian campaign, and that it was "wasted energy." I find no such evidence in the book, and I am fairly familiar with it. For many years I have felt that more attention, not less, should be given to the Aleutians. I know of nothing in the book which implies criticism of either the Army or the Navy in the Aleutian campaign, except as to equipment given the men for Attu.

As for the higher-ups, she says that I "imply" that they were sorry because there were no Japs on Kiska. I did not imply it. Through Lou Benedict, I said so, flatly. Washington—including the Navy Department, which is something very different from "the Navy"—was bitterly disappointed.

NARD JONES.

New York, N. Y.

### No Champagne

SIR: The recent review of Mr. Hirschmann's "The Embers Still Burn" [*SRL* Jan. 15] raises the question of the duty of a critic. If it is his duty to examine the facts of the book, there is something lacking in Mr. Padover's review. It is unfortunate that a book which no serious student of world affairs can afford to miss is marked by serious distortions.

I visited General Morgan's headquarters at Arolsen at approximately the same time mentioned by Mr. Hirschmann. I was not on an inspection mission, so was able to visit the headquarters when they were not staging champagne parties for visiting inspectors. I went by jeep and not by Packard, so I gather that the latter treatment was reserved for representatives of Mayor La Guardia. I did not know until I read the review that General Morgan lived in a castle and in ducal splendor. The house was a pleasant one, but not lavish by contrast with some German homes in which American officers and civilians often lived in Frankfurt. There was certainly nothing luxurious about the meal we had, since it had all the essential elements of a normal Army ration. "The court," of which much is made in the review, consisted of five members of General Morgan's staff who shared his house and ate at his mess. I recall that we walked to his house from the office, that there were no guards or special flunkies. I didn't expect them, but I wonder if I missed something after reading Mr. Hirschmann's book. By comparison with many of the establishments I have seen used by persons of similar rank in this country and abroad, the headquarters was downright dowdy and marked by simplicity.

It is unfortunate that the American people are led to think of General Morgan merely as the UNRRA administrator fired by Mayor La Guardia. He was the head of the Anglo-American planning staff which in 1943 laid the groundwork for the invasion of Normandy. When General Eisenhower took command of SHAEF he chose General Morgan as his deputy chief of staff. It might be remembered, therefore, that the maligned British general helped most significantly in the campaign which brought freedom to the Displaced Persons.

It is worthy of note that the reviewer did not see fit to indicate that Mr. Hirschmann's book concludes with a violent attack on the Marshall Plan and recent American foreign policy, leaving the impression that we are carrying out some sort of Fascist plot against a peace-minded Russian state. When considered against that sort of background the chapters on General Morgan may be read in a better perspective.

FORREST C. POGUE.

Alexandria, Va.

"Why, I'm four. How old are you?"

### Nelson Doubleday

SIR: My memories of Nelson Doubleday, who died on Jan. 11, 1949, go back as far as 1913. I was the baby bumpkin of that particular generation of young fry who were learning the publishing business at Country Life Press. My special seniors were Gene Saxton and Harry Maule; pretty much coeval were Alfred Knopf and Freddy Exton, Cedric Crowell and Joe Brown, and then along came Bob Holliday. The shining profiles of now, such as Doug Black, Dan Longwell, Oggie Nash, George Stevens, Charley Duell, were still in the womb of post-war time. It thrills me to remember (one of the few pleasures left to old pruners in the vineyard) the time when Sam Everitt called me in to his office to meet a young Yale graduate who (Sam said) might likely have a future. His name was Harry Luce, then putting a conjur on anyone he could reach for a most improbable broadside of gongorism.

Our young fry of 1913 were always in awe of Nelson. I would look up from my desk in Harry Maule's office (where I was mostly excited by a thick trove of O. Henry that had been left there by the late Harry Steger, O. Henry's literary executor) and see that gigantic figure come striding in, probably to consult with Doc Eaton, chief steward of Mail Order. For us poor curried shrimps, struggling with publicity, advertising, trade-grunting, catalogues, bulletins, Ms.-reading, Jobs and Remainders, there was something terrifying about Nelson. He had three strikes against him. He was the biggest, the handsomest, and the shyest man we had ever seen. Also he was the son of the Boss. Effendi was our worship, our idol. The thought that this gigantic and godlike offspring, with his marvelous idea of Deferred Subscriptions, could blow us all away aand our simple loves of literatures, was pepper in our nostrils.

It took a long time (as everything



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justly sensitive takes a long time) for our grievous little group to realize that Nelson with cold courage was fighting against being just the son and inheritor of a notable business. He invented, and pushed into merchandise, a business of his own that compelled the U. S. Post Office to build a new post office in Oyster Bay, and made Effendi & Company cry uncle. When the deferred magazine idea dried up he made Etiquette the laughter and the lucre of millions. Nelson could sell carloads at the drop of a fork. He put the same genius into merchandizing that Chaucer did into riding horseback to Canterbury.

I can only guess the anxiety that exceptional lineage and longitude may have cost him. When Nelson couldn't travel in sleepers because the berths were six inches too short, and so went on the road in his famous old Rolls Royce (actually the most economical of cars), the Trade thought he was high-hatting them. Booksellers were so sore at his trying to help them sell more books (he didn't much care what kind of books, as long as they would fit in freight cars) that when he wished to be courteous they would insult him. He never got quite used to being insulted, so he tried sometimes (don't we all?) to do it first. Under this huge shyness of his, often masked by truculent demeanor, he was one of the most generous and sensitive of men. Do you remember how he tried to show it, leaning forward and downward like a great cliff about to slide?

I always thought he probably considered me just a futile litterateur. Then at Vancouver in the summer of 1946 I had a remarkable and affectionate letter from him. He alluded to old Garden City days, and suggested that for the 50th Anniversary of the firm I should send them something. When you get a message of that sort, from a man you always thought probably didn't like you, how moving it is. I wrote him (from a window where you look out over the Gulf of Georgia, in the most livable country I have ever seen; have you been to Vancouver?) and said it would be quite a while but when finished I'd send it to him first. I'm rather grateful, probably, that he didn't have a chance to read it. He did more reading than most people suspected, but his mind was on books as merchandise.

When we got together (this was our mutual diffidence) it was on innocent affairs. Perhaps the importation of English children in the year of horror 1940. Perhaps his generous gift of the shrubs from the Evergreen Garden which he sent to Adelphi College, just west of the Cathedral where we told him goodbye the other day. He took the trouble to come over to Adelphi to some lectures I was talking, to tell the students of his own loving relationship with Rudyard Kipling. I wish I had a photo of Nelson and Rudyard Kipling walking together, as he often described, in the garden at Bateman's. He told how Kipling used to pace out the meter of the poem he was writing, to be sure it was music. Nelson, the great handsome courteous giant, and Uncle Rud, the little severe gnome with jetted eyebrows. I can't imagine two more incredibly different people. I think that Nelson probably saved too much of his own kindness and sensibility for his private life; the tilting ground of business was a splinter of shield and spear. But he believed that to the full, and I honor him for it. Of all men I have known, his going as in Markham's Poem is like the great cedar that leaves a lonesome place against the sky. . . . He liked to turn wheels and push cars and fly planes. The stupid anxiety of words didn't bother him much. Like Effendi, he had the turn and push of dynamics under his feet. He overcame a multitude of advantages.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Roslyn Heights, N. Y.

### Present Laughter

SIR: Mr. Smith, in "Sizing Up the Comers" [*SRL* Feb. 12], avoids the first person singular, yet I question his "the civilian mind" and his "it would seem." I think it probably his, rather than the general, failure to see humanity in the "The Naked and The Dead," for instance. Jungle, combat existence may reduce man to animal codes but I think that, even though of low voltage, it would register nevertheless as humanity—this relationship among men under such conditions.

I doubt if the majority failed to see the book's humor. What else would carry men of their caliber through the primitive Anopopei existence to which the book's characters were subjected? For many, many readers, I feel, this humor effervesced from book page to reader.

Is it difficult for the general public to believe, where Mr. Smith doubts, that men for a combat patrol or reconnaissance patrol would not be passed on by a medical board and selected for patrol duty, or that a Sergeant Croft would not pick his men in the manner that a life insurance company would examine policy applicants? Does the "civilian mind" fail to project into the agonies of the Anopopei patrol and fail to realize its impress on memory? If so, Mr. Smith rightly condemns the "too long and over-elaborated descriptions" the book gave it.

Mr. Smith prefers the "eerieness" of Capote's novel to stirring up hornets on a Pacific Island.

All may not share his preference for the "short" and "pleasant in comparison."

To sum up, isn't there room on the table, whether in the dining room or library, for the well-balanced diet?

JOHN E. BURNHAM.

Saco, Me.

SIR: . . . No one can agree more vehemently with your judges of contemporary novels that we could do with more humor. And no one likes a good book more than I. The point is, however, that war, social upheaval, economic revolution, fluctuating standards, and the general wear and tear of the average daily routine—not to mention the atom bomb—aren't precisely amusing.

What'll you have—novels that are honest interpretations of the interrelationship of contemporary man and his environment, or novels that are humorous? Apparently, you can't have both. Reacting naturally to their world, today's novelists almost automatically turn out variations on the predominating theme of futility. And futility simply isn't humorous—and vice versa. Or just for the hell of it, if a humorous novel is published this year, will your judges relent and slap their coveted laurel on it for the sole reason that it *is* humorous? Such an act might do wonders for publishers, readers, and hibernating writers with a sense of humor. But would any publisher dare to buck the current mournful trend by accepting anything so revolutionary?

DONALD T. CLARK.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

### *SRL* Swap

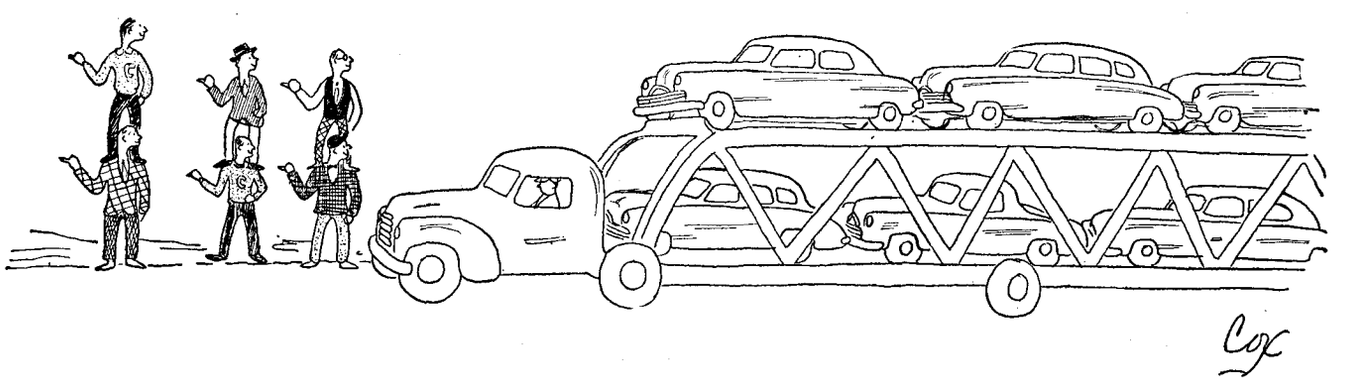
SIR: I wonder if one of your readers would care to save me the long evening journey to our central library to read the current issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

If a kindred lover of books and well-informed articles about them would care to send me his *Saturday Review* when finished I, in turn, would be pleased to send him the English magazine of his choice.

And meanwhile I doff my Austerity hat to the most readable literary magazine I have ever come across.

F. ATKIN.

31, Brassington Road
Heaton Mersey, Stockport
Chesire, Eng.



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**Personal History.** *The nineteenth-century Americans whose careers are detailed in the first three books reviewed below are little more than names in the history books to members of the present generation. Such a state of affairs is regrettable. For to John Marshall—as David Loth shows in his judicious book "Chief Justice"—must go the credit for making the Supreme Court the potent influence in our national life it is today. To James K. Polk—so Martha McBride Morrel shows in "Young Hickory"—belongs the honor of acquiring California for the United States. To Maria Mitchell—as Helen Wright discloses in "Sweeper in the Sky"—recognition is due as a great pioneering humanitarian, astronomer, and champion of women's rights. . . . Young Johnny Gunther will never become a famous man, but, thanks to his father's book "Death Be Not Proud," the courage and gallantry he displayed in the face of a fatal illness should inspire thousands of his contemporaries.*

# *Masterful Politician-at-Law*

*CHIEF JUSTICE: John Marshall and the Growth of the Republic. By David Loth. New York: W. W. Norton & Co.* 1949. 395 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by PETER R. LEVIN

UNFORTUNATELY, most of our written history focuses on matters so alien to the Supreme Court and the development of law that Chief Justice John Marshall flits in and out of our knowledge of the American past like an uncompromising but none the less ephemeral ghost. He is, of course, known to lawyers for his notions on what the Constitution really means in contrast to what its words seem to mean. He is known to serious students who have labored over his 500-odd opinions to produce literally thousands of commentaries; and he is known to the generation which thirty years ago plowed through Senator Albert J. Beveridge's classic and highly-prejudiced four-volume biography. But Beveridge's monument has become Marshall's mausoleum, too forbidding in its length for the hurried reader, too awesomely complete in its detail to attract other biographers to the subject.

Now along comes David Loth, a former newspaperman whose hobby is biography—and who has done a study of Marshall's philosophic godfather, Alexander Hamilton—with a new, deftly executed portrait of our greatest Chief Justice. It is a well-balanced work, taking its hero through his eighty crowded years without hurrying past blank spots and without getting stalled at extended technical discussions over the fine points of Marshall's generally controversial verdicts. Marshall interests the author not so much as a jurist—after all, most of his legal dicta have been reversed long since—but as a man of immense charm and purpose and inner strength, as a man who left a deep and permanent imprint upon his country's economic and political life. For, writes Mr. Loth, Marshall "laid the foundation" for "the judicial power inherent in the Constitution" and "built a good deal of the superstructure. He found the Court a subordinate branch of government" and "left it a force which neither .President nor Congress could flout with impunity." Moreover, since Marshall's accession to the Court coincided with the time when his party—

Chief Justice John Marshall—"a mar of immense charm and purpose and inner strength."

the Federalists—lost national power forever, his husbanding of an apparently shattered conservatism against its avowed enemies becomes, in Mr. Loth's telling, a strikingly adroit performance. Mr. Loth doesn't quite say so, but his hero emerges as a masterful politician-at-law.

This is not exaggeration or invidious remark. Mr. Loth shows Marshall writing his Federalist beliefs into law, giving way only where political necessity demanded. But it is only the most intelligent politician who knows exactly when and precisely how to give way; jurisprudence has little or nothing to do with the matter. The author recalls that by sheer force of personality Marshall persuaded independent-minded associate justices to think as he did, that he won great respect for himself and prestige for his tribunal, that only at the end of his life did he lose a battle—to Andrew Jackson.

In "Chief Justice," John Marshall is more besides. He is a husband devoted to a neurotic wife, a judge who doffs his robes to do the family shopping and take up the dust-mop so that his "dearest Polly" need not exert herself. He is a boy born in a log cabin who never lost the simplicity of the frontier. An ardent defender of wealth and the supremacy of property rights, he is nevertheless a genuine democrat (much as he hated the word) in his personal relationships.

To scholars, none of this is new, and none of Mr. Loth's interpretations will cause him to be dubbed a heretic. In fact, he is almost painfully careful to avoid choosing sides in the numerous academic quarrels about Marshall's career. Just as he shuns the battlefields of the scholars, so he avoids entanglement in dead political issues and does not feel it necessary to defend or attack according to the biases of the early nineteenth century or those of the middle twentieth. His book is straightforward, written in sprightly prose for lay eyes. He finds Marshall an attractive conservative who perhaps became a reactionary, but it is up to the reader to discover his own moral in the story. To conservatives who nowadays have a difficult time finding heroes, Mr. Loth has reminded them of one whose name can be evoked for justifiable admiration. To liberals and radicals, he provides a different kind of lesson to ponder: in that paradoxical way by which history upsets the doctrinaire, John Marshall's hard-shelled enhancement of Federal power to defend property rights established also the legal foundations of the New Deal.

*Peter R. Levin is author of "Seven by Chance," a study of the Vice Presidents who became President.*



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—*From the book.*

**Sarah Childress and James K. Polk—"He was secretive, enigmatical, and possessed of very little personal magnetism."**

# *Middle-Period President*

*"YOUNG HICKORY": The Life and Times of President James K. Polk. By Martha McBride Morrel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1949. 381 pp. $4.50.*

Reviewed by
GLYNDON G. VAN DEUSEN

"GO home, God damn you! Go home where you belong!" Such, according to Mrs. Morrel, was the bitter insult hurled at James K. Polk by Henry Clay on the occasion of the former's retirement from Congress. Whether the story is true or apocryphal, it illustrates the turbulence of politics and the violence of tempers in the Middle Period of American history.

Mrs. Morrel's life of "Young Hickory," as he was called by his admirers, attempts to re-create the personality and tell the life story of an American who, after long years of able service as member of Congress, Speaker of the House of Representatives and Governor of Tennessee, became President of the United States for four dramatic years. Most of the present generation have but the haziest knowledge of Polk, and yet there have been few Presidents who have so completely achieved their objectives. Polk declared at the beginning of his term that he had four chief goals: a lowering of the tariff, the passage of the Sub-Treasury Bill, a settlement of the Oregon boundary, and the acquisition of California. He reached them all.

"Young Hickory" is highly entertaining. The dialogue flows smoothly and, on the whole, naturally, even if occasional doubts are raised in the reader's mind by such discoveries as that of Andrew Jackson's ready command of slang. The story of Polk's life is told simply, and it is woven neatly into the pattern of great events with which it was surrounded. The narrative has pace, and Polk's personality emerges with clarity and emphasis.

James K. Polk was almost always serious. His diary shows that he was suspicious of pleasure, as something bound to interfere with duty. He was secretive, enigmatical, and possessed very little personal magnetism. All this, which has long been known, Mrs. Morrel indicates. But she also shows that the long accepted description of Polk as a "man who never smiled" was a fiction, and she marshals evidence of his sense of humor, his talent for mimicry, and his deep sense of companionship with his wife, Sarah Childress Polk. Fictionized biography, with its imagined conversations, gives rare opportunities for the re-creation of personalities. Mrs. Morrel has utilized these opportunities to the full.

But if this type of biographical writing has its advantages, it has also its limitations. The artful confusion of fact and fancy in "Young Hickory" is a constant trial to any reader who seeks something more than sheer entertainment. Truth is at times crowded out or distorted by the pressure of picturesque descriptions and exciting events, and the absence of footnotes (a chronic fault in this type of biography) leaves the reader helplessly uncertain as to the sources of the author's information.

Mrs. Morrel says in her foreword that she has "not knowingly contravened the record, either in great things or in small." Accepting this statement as true, the fact remains that "Young Hickory" does "contravene the record" in numerous instances. It is wholly uncritical in its analysis of Polk's character and motives, defending him for the institution of the gag rule in the House, absolving him from blame for the initiation of the Mexican War, consistently putting all his actions in a favorable light. On the other hand, the portrait of Martin Van Buren is as consistently unsympathetic, apparently due to a desire to bring out Polk's greatness by way of contrast. The statement that the "fundamental objectives" of the Whig Party "were high tariffs and preservation of the banking empire" is only a caricature of the aims and intentions of that party's leaders. The campaign of 1840 was not so completely and one-sidedly a Whig circus as Mrs. Morrel would have us belief.

The author tells us that her book is an endeavor to amend history's injustice to James K. Polk. To some extent she has achieved her objective. But in so doing she has swung too far in the opposite direction. She has presented an uncritical portrait of her hero, and a picture of the times in which he lived that is, in places, gravely inaccurate. Such shortcomings detract from the value of a well-written and entertaining biography.

*Glyndon G. Van Deusen, professor of history at the University of Rochester, is author of "The Life of Henry Clay."*

## LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Proudly. 2. Gently. 3. Sincerely. 4. Faintly. 5. Tenderly. 6. Truly. 7. Lightly. 8. Merrily. 9. Slowly. 10. Vainly. 11. Aptly. 12. Furiously. 13. Gladly. 14. Highly. 15. Doubly. 16. Impartially. 17. Softly. 18. Roughly. 19. Calmly. 20. Rapidly.

## *Ark of the Covenant*

**By Louise Townsend Nicholl**

LIGHT has come again and found
The story true that earth is round,
The dawning water vastly curved
Where ocean in its farthest arc
Is separating from the dark.
Now is the mind consoled and served
By steadfast and continuing fact,
Ocean and light the proof, the pact.



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## *Star-Gazing Friend*

*SWEEPER IN THE SKY. By Helen Wright. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1949. 253 pp. $4.*

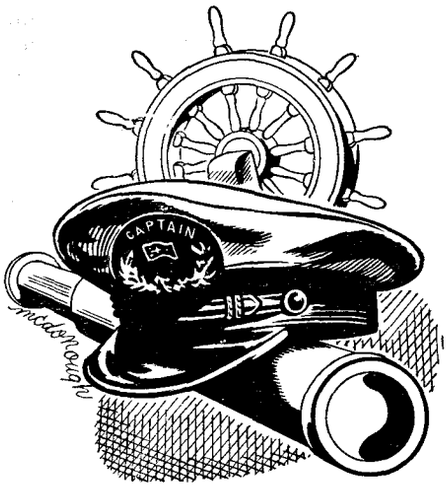
Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

IN THE seafaring Quaker town of Nantucket children learned to box a sextant before they learned the "Queries of the Friends." Nantucket was the greatest whaling port in the world; shipowners and whalers alike were dependent on the stars for safe traffic in the far uncharted seas. From the white-railed "walks" above their houses the islanders "swept" the heavens for signs of wind, fog, and tempest, or strained lonely eyes for the return of a long-gone ship.

To little Maria Mitchell the boundless spaces of the Nantucket sky were as familiar as the home acres to a farm child on the "continent" thirty miles away. Favored pupil of a scholarly father, she "swept" through the family telescope, studied eclipses, recorded observations in her astronomy notebook. She had a gift for mathematics. By the time she was twelve years old the curley-haired "sweeper in the sky" could rate a sea captain's chronometer as accurately as her father.

Some seventeen years later, in 1847, Maria was to win international recognition as discoverer of the comet that bears her name. Astronomy was then a purely observational science, and the observations of America's first woman astronomer were honored in the highest scientific circles at home and abroad. She was the first woman admitted to membership in both the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and the Association for the Advancement of Science. This in the anti-feminist era when President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard believed "that the minds of women are as different from those of men as are their bodies, that they cannot bear the mental stress of hard study."

After a triumphal tour of Europe the redoubtable Quakeress resumed her studies at the telescope that had been presented to her by the "Women of America." At the end of the Civil War she became professor of astronomy and director of the observatory at the controversial new "enterprize on the Hudson" called Vassar Female College. "I do not," she explained to her first classes, "expect to make of you philosophers like Newton, astronomers like Kepler, or mathematicians like Laplace, but I hope to open your eyes and your understanding to the wonderful lessons of the universe . . . the grandeur of creation




and the wonderful working of the celestial mechanism." She stayed at Vassar for twenty-three of the remaining twenty-four years of her life, growing in fame and achievement not only as a scientist but as a great teacher and a leader in the woman's rights movement.

"Sweeper in the Sky," the first biography of Maria Mitchell, is inspiring as the story of a pioneer's high-minded, selfless dedication to the cause of science and the higher education of women. It mirrors, moreover, some forgotten aspects of a vanished world. Nineteenth-century Nantucket was, in many respects, closer to the Pacific than to nearby New England. To the schoolchildren of that busy whaling port, Canton, Bombay, and Oahu were household terms and not academic words in spellers and geographies. Something of the tragi-comedy implicit in Nantucket's global range comes out in baby-sitter Benny Cleveland's *Inquirer* offer "to spend the night with timid ladies for twenty-five cents."

The abolition debate, the Civil War, and the California Gold Rush all touched the life of Maria Mitchell. Her heart went out to the DP's of that day, the refugees from the famine in Ireland, and to the dark-skinned Portuguese outcasts in Nantucket's "little Egypt." No mere narrow scientist, she numbered among her friends Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, and the Alcotts.

Miss White has treated her subject with competence and devotion. She has made us proud of Maria Mitchell, less as the intrepid trail-blazer who led her students into the dangerous Wild West to view an eclipse from the Colorado plain than as a far-seeing humanitarian who, in giving America's pioneer college women a new vision of the universe, urged them first and foremost to apply the beauty of that vision to the business of daily living.

## *"Forbidden Country"*

*AN AMERICAN ENGINEER IN AFGHANISTAN. Edited by Marjorie Jewett Bell. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. 1948. 335 pp. $5.*

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

A. C. JEWETT's letters and notes on Afghanistan were written years ago during the First World War, when he was an engineer in Kabul, installing a hydro-electric plant. In 1911 Afghanistan was still the "forbidden country," the Khyber Pass was bristlingly armed, and Mr. Jewett was the first American to be permitted to live in the country since 1880. He came for three years and stayed for eight, and did a champion job despite the lethargy of his native assistants. He would wait two weeks at the King's gate for an audience regarding a wire, and five years for the elephants to trudge with his girders from India.

His powerhouse was to operate machine shops, a dam, a gun factory, a mint, a boot factory, and a woolen mill, but you doubt that Mr. Jewett ever really saw these objects of his enterprise, except through a theodolite, darkly. Nor are his companions clearer. There were his English colleagues who died on his hands or absconded with thousands of rupees, and the Afghan laborers who sinned and were punitively shot from the gun; you would like to know more of these and some details as to how they disappeared, but Mr. Jewett is busy waiting for audience with the King again.

You do divine that odd things went on beyond the periphery of his myopia, that the modern harem in 1911 had replaced eunuchs with short-haired women dressed as men, that dishonesty and dirt fostered brigandry which was punishable by stoning, amputation, imprisonment in cages slung high above the road, and by shooting from that fascinating gun. One of the author's acquaintances was the official executioner who was finally pensioned after cutting 30,000 throats; others were thieves he hired to guard his money-bags.

And there was the mirza, the public letter-writer, who

> returned word that he could not write the letter as he had a lame foot. A messenger was sent back to ask the mirza what he meant by sending such a fool excuse. He replied that it was quite true, he did not write with his feet, but no one could read his writing; therefore, whenever he wrote a letter it was necessary for him to go along to read it. And as he was lame and



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could not walk, it was useless for him to write.

Even the letters to David Fairchild of the Department of Agriculture are perfunctory regarding the products of the land, the mulberry eaten hot by silkworms and chilled by the King, the sheep whose monstrous fat tails were used as butter, the archeological seeds in the shape of Bactrian coins dug up when pipe-lines were planted.

And where, to the engineer Jewett, was Bactria, whose fabulous Balkh exists today? Is there a trace of the Greeks who whipped through the land with Alexander in 300 B.C.? Is it true what that modern explorer, Prince Peter of Greece, has to say of polyandry in Afghanistan? And where were the mountains called Hindu Kush rising from 14,000 to 25,000 feet across the author's horizon? And what, by Allah, was indicative then of Afghanistan's thrust toward its present $450,000,000 modernization program, culturally, commercially, economically, apart from wires and tubes and milestones which few could read, each guarded by police lest the bandits steal them?

Afghanistan, spraddled crucially between Russia and India, may well become a left-handed problem child in tomorrow's community of nations. Mr. Jewett's earnest prose is scarcely helpful here, except for its frequent interjections, the colophons of Afghan scripts, "May you not be tired!"

# *Johnny Gunther's Gallant Battle*

*DEATH BE NOT PROUD. By John Gunther. New York: Harper & Bros.* 1949. 261 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

IN the spring of 1946 Johnny Gunther, then aged sixteen, went back to Deerfield to school after his vacation, "sighing a little that the holiday was over but happy and full of energy and anticipation." A notification that he was in the school infirmary reached his father and mother a few weeks later, but the ailment was minor and there seemed no cause for alarm. The next day came a shattering telephone call—Johnny had a brain tumor.

The drive through the dark that night accompanying a New York brain specialist, the faces of the consulting doctors reporting on what they had found after seeing the boy, these were but the first intimations of what the next fifteen months were to be for the stricken, courageous parents, who fought with every means to save the life of their only and brilliant child.

Mr. Gunther's book (from which, incidentally, neither publisher nor author will derive any profit, as the proceeds are to be devoted to cancer research for children) includes a brief foreword about his son, excerpts from some of Johnny's letters and diary, a concluding word about him by his mother, Frances Gunther. The chief portion of the book, however, is an account of the unavailing struggle of the parents, broken by one cruel interval of hope, the heroic fortitude of the boy himself, and of the progress of the disease and the various treatments which were tried. Knowing that the struggle must, inevitably, end in death, the parents never relaxed their efforts to keep Johnny from realizing that they knew; and, doggedly, Johnny himself fought to spare them, as much as possible, both of his suffering and his realization of the futility of it all.

Most parents have had some of the experiences which are recounted in this book: the anxious, wingless hours in the hospital waiting room while operations are in progress, the unendurable courage of suffering children, so much harder to bear than misbehavior. To all of them, in fact to anyone, this record, set down with the vivid pen of an acute and trained observer, is hard to read; and it is much, much harder to forget. Johnny Gunther did not have very much terrible pain, except at one or two times, and his death was as merciful as possible. There were even times when he came home, could read, play chess, eat normally, and go to the theatre. But the constant tests, examinations, dressings, and treatments of those terrible fifteen months, all these he had to endure.

The reader takes away from this book, over and above the haunting picture of what child and parents endured, an enlarged sense of the stature of man, and of a very young man. Fortitude, courage, unselfishness beyond any reasonable expectation, with these weapons Johnny Gunther made his fatal illness not a defeat but a triumph. He refused to allow invalidism to turn him into a querulous, domineering tyrant. What had interested him when well—music, but most of all the world of higher science in which, even as a child, he had been at home—still mattered to him, more than pain or discomfort. He fretted not over what he had to bear physically but over what he was missing at school. He took and passed his Harvard entrance examinations. He was graduated from school (which he had not been able to attend for fourteen months) with his class, his indomitable will carrying him through the actual graduation ceremony.

"Death cannot kill what never dies" and Johnny Gunther's victory gives courage to those whose lives touch his only through the pages of this warm and heart-breaking memoir, as it must have done to his parents, to his friends, to all who watched his final, gallant battle.

—*Marcus Blechman.*

**"Johnny Gunther made his fatal illness not a defeat but a triumph."**

# *Military Post Life*

*GAY, WILD, AND FREE, by Maggie-Owen Wadelton. Bobbs-Merrill.* $3. Mrs. Wadelton's husband was an architect who was commissioned in the First World War and "stayed in." Her book is an account of between-the-wars Army life. In the main it is unflattering, and in the main, also, it is probably not inaccurate. Her narrative is biased and acidulous, but with provocation—in the premises, not even the lilies of the field could be unbiased. Here is all the deadly protocol of existence on a military post, with only the interplay of personalities to enliven the deadliness. This book will hardly make good recruiting propaganda. I am not thinking of enlistments in the ranks—"Gay, Wild, and Free" might even stimulate those—but it will give any girl pause who is planning to marry a captain or a lieutenant who is stationed at Fort Tumbleweed or even at Fort Dix. Mrs. Wadelton, who was at several installations, identifies none of them out and out, but any old Army man, I am sure, will know which is which, and possibly who is who. This is lively Americana, concerned though it is with a highly specialized and technical phase of the national existence—but several million men and women brushed the edges of that phase not so long ago. —JOHN T. WINTERICH.



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# THE FINE ARTS

## REALISM — MACCHIAIOLI STYLE

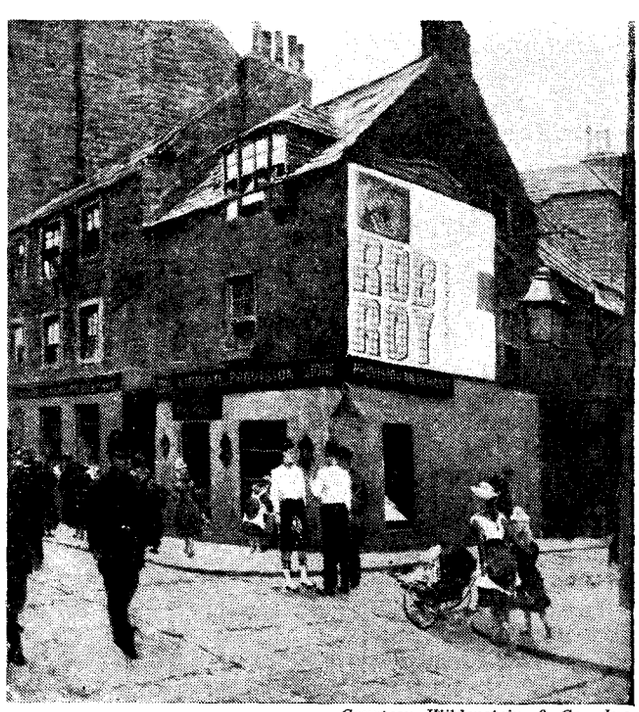
AT Wildenstein's in New York there is a benefit exhibition of nineteenth-century Italian painting, supplemented by Donatello's newly refurbished statue of San Ludovico. The show has been sponsored by the City of Florence, and its proceeds will be used to help restore the Santa Trinità Bridge and other Florentine monuments damaged by the war. Naturally one hopes that the profits will be large. If so, credit should go to the Donatello, since the nineteenth-century pictures must be poor box office, being little known outside their native Italy. Moreover, word has gone around New York art circles, at the normal speed in excess of sound, that the painting exhibition is a bore. I did not find it that. I found it distressing at times but not a bore, though I agree with those who claim that the choice of pictures could have been better; enough better, in fact, so that American interest in the Italian *ottocento* might have been aroused instead of lulled again to sleep, as must be the present case. Boldini, for example, appears in nearly his worst guise—flashy, flaccid, and footling. Boldini's sins were grave, but he had style and sometimes dignity.

Even so, the exhibition has moments of interest and quality. Its emphasis is on the period from 1850 to 1890, a period that achieved fabulous results in French art and launched our own major triumvirate, Homer, Eakins, and Ryder. The principal Italian movement of the era was that of the *Macchiaioli*, who gathered in the Caffè Michelangelo at Florence and propounded their esthetic theories. These theories were important for Italian painting, and in some respects were prophetic of later developments elsewhere. They are not well known in this country, and it may be useful to review some of them here.

The *Macchiaioli* proclaimed that everyday reality would be the subject of their art. Like Courbet, whose doctrine of realism was evolved contemporaneously in France, they were determined to refute the tyranny of "historical" themes and to turn their backs on romanticism's dramaturgy. The *Macchiaioli* deliberately painted small pictures of scenes everyone knew (the word *macchia* means "sketch"). But unlike Courbet, they did not base their art on traditional, realistic techniques. They painted loosely; they eschewed the use of heavy, black shadows, and relied for spatial control on shifts in tonal weight between areas of color broadly applied. In short, the *Macchiaioli* sought to convey an equivalent of reality in terms of the artist's idiosyncratic temperament; their art was subjective, and proposed a spontaneous response to the familiar in place of the later, more calculative approach of the French impressionists.

In a curious way—and perhaps this partly accounts for their eclipse—the *Macchiaioli* founded a school halfway between mid-century realism and the synthetism of the late 1880's and the 1890's. They were never as direct in their conception of reality as Courbet; they were never as boldly arbitrary as synthetism's founder, Paul Gauguin, was to become. Yet one wonders whether they should not be given greater historical credit for their part in the trend away from bald exposition toward metaphor, away, if you like, from realism toward abstraction. Certainly Giovanni Fattori's "Diego Martelli at Castiglioncello" (1867), with its flat, bright patterns of color, fortells Gauguin's earliest synthetist attempts of nearly twenty years later, while the Italian painter's little landscapes consistently remind one of Vuillard's soft-spoken art of the 1890's. The depth of Fattori's interest in the abstract potentialities of color is apparent in his picture of a white horse against a white wall: the tonal problem explored is not totally unrelated to that later reduced to its ultimate formality in Kasimir Malevich's famous "White on White" of 1918. At any rate, the *Macchiaioli's* dictum that "sentiment must be entirely represented by the technical side of expression," is right around the corner from our own century's esthetic of pure form. It would be a mistake, of course, to labor the point of the *Macchiaioli's* precocity, but it is worth remembering that their discussions at the Caffè Michelangelo were apparently in full swing when Degas visited Florence not long after the opening of Courbet's realist pavilion at the 1855 *Exposition Universelle* in Paris.

To survive in the pages of art history painters need something more than a revolutionary program, and many of the *Macchiaioli's* paintings at Wildenstein's are mediocre in quality. This, however, is often the fault of those who assembled the show. Silvestro Lega is well represented only by the charming "The Betrothed," so startlingly like the early genre scenes of Winslow Homer. And certainly there were much better pictures to be had by Giuseppe Abbati, whose passion for a mathematically determined harmony of tone and form makes him appear as the Seurat of the movement. On the other hand, I doubt that Vito D'Ancona ever painted anything much better than "The Lady in Conversation," admirable in color and with a taut expressiveness of gesture that brings Degas to mind. Degas himself greatly admired one of the best works in the current show—Telemaco Signorini's "Room in the Women's Asylum" (1865). Quite apart from its intrinsic virtues, this picture proves how completely the *Macchiaioli* had rejected neo-classicism's insistence on "good" and "beautiful" subjects; to Signorini, Fattori, and their asso-



*—Courtesy Wildenstein & Co., Inc.*

**"Leith," by Telemaco Signorini—". . . the ugly was only that which the artist had not yet made interesting."**



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by MAXWELL ANDERSON
Directed by H. C. POTTER
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Life with Mother
with DOROTHY STICKNEY HOWARD LINDSAY
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ciates, the ugly was only that which the artist had not yet made interesting. Signorini showed considerable daring in this regard. In 1881 he completed the brilliant little picture of the Scottish town of Leith in which he portrayed a commercial billboard as a dominant architectural motif. In view of the painting's date, it may be almost the first instance of an iconographic practice which has become common among modern painters of the American scene.

Turning the pages of the exhibition's de luxe but slipshod catalogue, it becomes plain that even the lesser members of the *Macchiaioli*—men like Borrani and Sernesi—were on a better track than the artists who followed them by half a generation. The *Macchiaioli*, whatever their limitations, reached a workable and convincing formula, while their juniors fell time and again into the booby-trap of the picturesque, adopting a stagey pictorialism that now seems dated in exactly such measure as it tried to transcend its epoch. In Giacomo Favrreto's "The Market of San Polo," for example, the impact is that of a creaky opera, sustained neither by acute characterization nor by valid plastic or dramatic exaggeration.

What happened to the men who were too young to share the *Macchiaioli's* brave, venturesome dogma? A terrible clutter spoils most of their pictures, as if Victorianism had reached a wayward zenith in Italy. Antonio Mancini's "Children and Toys," even though painted in 1873, when he was very young, is a case in point. Its species of tired and redundant exoticism was to be mimicked by academic painters throughout the world for fifty years. Apparently Mancini and other Italian artists of the late century faced an insoluble dilemma. They could not revive neoclassicism's hard-bitten moralism or experience romanticism's fevers. Yet they were unwilling to believe in their own ability to transform and dignify the commonplace, as the *Macchiaioli* had done. All the various French solutions escaped them. They were unable to face reality "scientifically" like the impressionists; or monumentally, as did Renoir; or in a spirit of hieratic reform, as with Cézanne, Seurat, Van Gogh, and Gauguin. Deficient in formal invention and afraid of casual statement, the Italians of 1885-1910 often fell back on technical virtuosity and banal overstatement. Their excesses make the accomplishment of the *Macchiaioli* seem just that much more impressive, and not until the arrival of the futurists did Italian painting begin once more to move forward.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.



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## FICTION

(*Continued from page 14*)

lard's newspaper, he breaks the back of the latter's passivity; for, while Sam Ballard, with clear conscience, can throw his own principles and money to the winds to save his son's happiness, he would rather sacrifice Aaron than permit the paper, which he considers a public trust, to fall into the hands of Rudy.

The title "Tender Mercy," taken as an imperative statement, raises the question of what sort of action, moral or otherwise, would deal mercifully with the unfortunate Aaron, once Elizabeth, the object of his fixation, is taken out of his life. When Mrs. Ballard decides upon an action that conforms with what her community believes moral, paradoxically, that type of acceptable morality turns out to be more brutal in consequence than what passes for "unethical." Since the tension with which Mr. Kaufman has carefully built up the novel is resolved by a surprise ending, it would hardly be fair to give the denouement away.

Any general conclusion about "Tender Mercy" would have to admit that it is an immensely readable novel, but not the memorable one which it might have been. Mr. Kaufman has failed to supply enough pertinent details for his characters. He has taken hold of a fascinating situation, led the reader up to a point where a problem has to be faced honestly, only to evade the solution by a melodramatic twist.

*Siegfried Mandel is a member of the English faculty of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute.*

# *Partisans for the House of Orange*

*THE TIDES OF DAWN. By E. Louise Mally. New York: William Sloane Assoc.* 1949. 370 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by CARLO BEUF

MISS MALLY'S novel deals with the vicissitudes of two families, the bourgeois Van Wagenens and the aristocratic Chatrois, in the days when the people of the Lowlands, led by William of Orange, were engaged in a life and death struggle with the armies of Spain under the captainship of the bleak and astute Duke of Alva. The romantic theme which, more or less (rather less than more) keeps the narrative together is the love of Gerrit van Wagenen and Jacqueline Chatrois. Gerrit, aged seventeen, rescues the eight-year-old Jacqueline as she is about to be trampled to death by the mob during a popular upheaval at Valenciennes. It is love at first sight, and, in due course of time, having happily surmounted the usual barriers interposed by wars, revolutions, and social prejudices, the two become man and wife. Gerrit joins the ranks of the rebels and serves William on several confidential missions, while his wife waits for him in beleaguered Leyden. The eventual liberation of this city, in which her husband plays a prominent part, brings them once more together; incidentally, it also furnishes the title for the book, since the fall of Leyden to the partisans of the house of Orange is the tide which heralds the new dawn of freedom for the Lowlands.

The plot, as anyone can gather even from this brief summary, is pretty thin, and certainly not original; still it might have developed into a fairly intriguing adventure story had not the author smothered it under a veritable avalanche of historical dissertation, apparently intended to show up the knavery of the adherents of the "old faith" as compared to the honesty and the spirit of sacrifice of the Protestants. As it stands, "The Tides of Dawn" is closer akin to a tract than to a novel; moreover, it has the tract's lamentable characteristic of being blatantly one-sided. While every single Spanish papist—from Cardinal Grenvelle and Alva down to the last soldier—is a monster of iniquity, there are precious few among the patriots who are not models of every conceivable virtue. Tolstoy's hatred for the French invaders did not blind him to the extent of ignoring their occasional redeeming qualities. To depict men as uniformly black, or white, is to deprive them of their human attributes.

Yet, this is not an undistinguished book. Though seldom brilliant, Miss Mally's style is always fluent and clear. Indeed, some of the scenes she describes have all the local color and intimate charm of a painting by Breughel. Also, she unquestionably knows her history. The intricate pattern of political intrigue is woven by her with an expert hand. The few anachronisms—as when she has one of her characters quote Montaigne's writings seven years before any of his works had appeared in print—are of very minor import.

# *Florida Slave Trade*

*THE WRATH AND THE WIND. By Alexander Key. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.* 1949. 366 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THIS is a colorful, swiftly moving historical romance set in the Florida of the 1840's, when money was to be made in contraband slaves. Its principal scene is the once flourishing port of St. Joseph, rival of Apalachicola in the cotton-boom days, and the proud possessor of one of the first railroads in that part of the country.

Mr. Key's hero is a physician named Maury St. John, who has abandoned his profession to engage in slave-running from Cuba, hazardous because of the law, and savagely cruel because of the way the blacks were handled on the seas. Many died, many more became ill or were injured.

The plot is a triangle. Homeward bound with cargo, St. John finds a schooner out of Salem in trouble, and offers his help. Aboard is a beautiful blonde, half-Salem, half-Creole, with whom he falls madly in love. The third angle appears in the person of a beautiful white girl, Zeda, who has lost her voice, and who is put up at auction with some "fancy girls" of color, to fall into the hands of St. John.

St. John brings a cargo of blacks into St. Joseph infected with yellow fever, so that the town is quickly swept by the kind of epidemic used with effect in many novels from the days of Brockden Brown's "Edgar Huntly" to the present. He tries to make amends by staying on as physician in charge, and the beautiful blonde conveniently dies of the fever, thus resolving the conflict that makes the story.

The rest of the characters are slave-traders, a madam with a heart of gold, a colored servant with a heart of gold, etc. Mr. Key characterizes by types, and is more interested in action than thought. The result is a novel that reads easily, has some good descriptions, both by sea and by land, but makes no deep impression because of its lack of originality and distinction.

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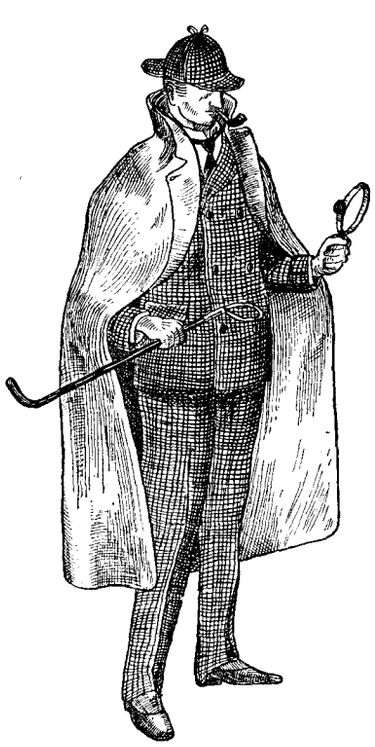
## BELLES-LETTRES

*(Continued from page 19)*

then the skyrocket success that enabled him to support all the family and get married besides; married at the age when a young man is very likely to marry somebody, convincing himself that he is terrifically in love with her, a conviction which, in Carr's opinion, was one of Conan Doyle's early works of fiction. Also, he ultimately built up a fairly good practice; but it was the fiction that enabled him to study ophthalmology in Vienna. Returning, he waited a while for patients in London, got none, and presently gave up medicine forever, except for wartime service in South Africa. Yet he must have learned some ophthalmology; fifteen years later, his first glance at George Edalji told him that a man with astigmatic myopia could not have committed the nocturnal crimes of which Edalji had been convicted.

Thereafter he was a very famous man and he did some remarkable things. He was a giant and an athlete; at cricket he bowled W. G. Grace—which, Carr reminds us, was the equivalent of striking out Ty Cobb on three pitches; till well into middle age he could hold his own with any amateur heavyweight; and he was an excellent football player, who in this country would probably have been an all-American fullback at Minnesota. He introduced skiing into Switzerland; he introduced golf into Vermont. And his mind was as versatile as his body. What he saw in South Africa led him to suggest the need of heavy mobile field artillery, fifteen years before the Germans first used it. He predicted a ruinous submarine war against merchant shipping, and the international complications that would grow out of it, in a fiction story published in July 1914—accompanied by expert opinions from admirals who said it was utter nonsense. When it came true, he was the first to suggest not only the life-saving Mae Wests, but the inflatable rubber lifeboats that did not come into use till a later war. And, in a different field, from 1894 on he was arguing for the imperative necessity of Anglo-American cooperation—arguing it at times when fists were shaking across the sea, and shaking his own big fist back at both sides.

More to the point were the purposes to which his energy and versatility were devoted. In his study of the Middle Ages, which eventually produced "The White Company," he found, says Carr, a faith to replace the religion he had lost—the code of knightly honor. But it is clear that he always had a strong predilection that way and eventually, as Carr says, "there was in this man something a little larger than life, some quality that transcended chivalry." He stood up for the downtrodden; he eventually succeeded in clearing George Edalji and Oscar Slater of unjust accusation—not so promptly as Holmes was able to clear the unhappy John Hector McFarlane, but the Edalji case as Carr presents it was as good a technical job of detective work as Holmes ever did. He was so busy helping E. D. Morel stand up for the natives in the Congo state that he couldn't referee the Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno; he defended the deceased captain of the *Titanic* against a cantankerous critic named George Bernard Shaw. He was a vigorous patriot—and, singular for an Irishman born in Scotland, an English patriot; "he regarded Ireland and Scotland as parts of England." Naturally he opposed the enemies of his country; he wrote a book defending British conduct of the South African war, which got him his knighthood—an honor he would have refused, as more appropriate to stockbrokers and provincial mayors, if his mother hadn't told him that refusal would be an insult to his King. Yet he gave the Boers credit for their merits, and wrote to his brother in the army, "I wish we had such good men with us instead of against us." He tried to warn his countrymen of the German danger, but he saw the merits of the Germans too. When war came he defended the German waiters, too old for military service, who had lost their jobs in London; and he tried to save Roger Casement's life, at a time when this was an extremely unpopular thing to do, because he believed that Casement, though terribly wrong, was an honest man.



*—From the book jacket.*

The knightly code of honor had to meet a harder test. Married twelve years to a wife of whom he was fond but with whom (says Carr) he had never been madly in love, a wife now demi-disabled by tuberculosis, he met Jean Leckie. "They fell in love immediately, desperately, and for all time"; and they left it at that. He remained devoted to his wife and desperately—but chastely—in love with another woman. His mother knew all about it and approved it, as at least one of her more censorious daughters did not; some of the lady's relatives also approved. The two met occasionally, and continued to behave impeccably, till his wife died nine years later; in another year they were married and lived happily ever after. If Conan Doyle had written such a story, readers of that age would have said that that is how people ought to behave though, unfortunately, they often do not; readers of today would find it preposterous. Yet that is what they did.

But something more than chivalry motivated his last crusade, which cost him a quarter of a million pounds and the peerage he might have had—his missionary work for spiritualism. In 1906, after one of his unsuccessful tries for election to Parliament, his brother wondered if his real career would be literary or political. "Neither," said Conan Doyle; "it will be religious"—and then he wondered why on earth he had said that. Yet for the last fourteen years it was. He had been interested in spiritualism since 1887 but did not become convinced of its truth till thirty years later, when he believed he had received a message—nobody ever knew what—from a deceased brother-in-law. (Contrary to a widespread belief, this was more than a year before the death of his eldest son.) And the rest of his life he devoted to spreading the gospel, in the face of skepticism, ridicule, and head-shaking sympathy for a good man gone goofy—preaching not only for spiritualism, but against "the monstrous claim that God supports one clique of mankind against another." That is what he believed, and he put all he was and all he had behind it.

So much for the life of Conan Doyle. There are lacunae in the story, perhaps inevitable in an authorized biography. It seems impossible that in nine years his first wife never heard of Jean Leckie (the rectitudinous sister-in-law hardly had such self-control



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as to keep the story to herself); and it would be interesting to know what she thought about it. Doyle eventually became a friend of Edward VII; how did that monarch swallow the story of the beryl coronet? (Royalty may not have time to read, but somebody must have told him.) But there is so much here that we could not have got without the help of the family that it would be ungrateful to begrudge them their quite proper reticences. And give Carr (or his publishers) one more citation. This is the first biography I have read in twenty-five years that dared to call the life of so-and-so "The Life of So-and-so," without tricking it out with some meretricious title designed to catch a few more dollars.

# *Tradition of a Cultural Nationalism*

*THE THEORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Howard Mumford Jones. Ithaca, N. Y.: Cornell University Press.* 1948. 208 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER

IN six lectures, delivered at Cornell in December 1947, Howard Mumford Jones of Harvard attempted an historical review of the theories held by Americans about their own literary tradition from colonial times to the present. Even revised and documented for print, so ambitious an undertaking could hope only to be provocative rather than definitive; yet this book defines much. It advances definitions of literature in general and of the civilization of the United States in particular, and it develops a theory for the ideal history of our literature which must reveal the relationships between these two factors. The editorial connection of Mr. Jones with the new cooperative "Literary History of the United States" adds pertinence and zest to his analysis.

Mr. Jones's theory of literature rests firmly on the concept of the work of art as an immediate product of the time and place of its creation and of the race and personality of its creator. To Taine and his followers, he owes his emphasis on time, race, and environment; to Sainte-Beuve and Arnold his emphasis on the personality of the author. The problem of the literary historian is therefore the problem of the relationship of literature to the society which produces it. He sees the encyclopedic humanism of Bacon, Bouterwek, and Hallam modified by the dynamic discrimination of Goethe, De Staël, Sismondi, Schlegel, Cousin, and Villemain, with their more romantic views of cultural setting. Not only does Mr. Jones advance this as his own theory, but he successfully demonstrates a constant and dominant influence of this view on American thinking about literature and literary history throughout our national life, developing by modification rather than fundamental change with the changing views of society advanced by nineteenth- and twentieth-century science.

The first stage in this development was the nationalist argument of the period 1815-50, when the theory produced many controversial essays but only one literary history, that of Samuel Knapp (1829); but it nevertheless "laid the intellectual foundations upon which the structure of Moses Coit Tyler's histories was to be erected." In the period 1850-1924, the racist argument led to Anglophilism by ignoring the other factors in Taine's formula, time and environment; but of its three major literary histories, only Wendell's was completely anti-nationalist, Richardson's mildly so, and Tyler's squarely in the nationalist tradition. By 1924, the renewed quest for a "usable past" had been revived by the "Cambridge History," Foerster's "Reinterpretation," and Macy's "Spirit of American Literature," and was clearly the main line of our thinking. By 1947, it had produced a group of literary histories of limited ideologies—Parrington, Calverton, and Lewisohn—and a vast accumulation of special studies, but no major history of American literature of broader scope. The stage was clearly set for an answer to Pattee's "Call for a Literary Historian" of 1924.

The strength of Mr. Jones's argument lies in its emphasis upon the continuing tradition of an American cultural nationalism which is dynamic rather than chauvinistic. Within the scope of his lectures, this is all that could be accomplished, and what he says desperately needed to be said. The weakness in his position lies in its failure to recognize that the nationalist theory, by its subordination of art to society, fails to take account of esthetic factors and therefore cannot fully explain the two periods of genuine literary accomplishment in our history, the "American Renaissance" of 1850-55, and the present; nor can it do justice to such "un-American" Americans as Poe, James, and Eliot. Both terms of an equation such as that of art and society must be defined before the problem can be resolved, and the mutation in American esthetic theory does not lie within the scope of this rapid survey except as an implied foil to the main argument. Only a design for a literary history which is broad enough to include impartially the concept of literature as timeless art as well as the concept of literature as social expression could come near to meeting the need that is here so lucidly and forcefully expressed.

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# The Criminal Record

## *The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction*

| *Title and Author* | *Crime, Place, and Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| THE KILLER MINE *Hammond Innes* (Harper: $2.50) | Cornish deserter from British Army returns to home tin-mining town and plunges into above-ground and sub-aqueous slayings. | Murders past and present, smuggling, spot of romance, and hair-raising climax in flooded mine keep tale at super tension. | Pretty terrific |
| THE VIEWLESS WINDS *Murray Morgan* (Dutton: $2.50) | Wife of labor leader in Oregon logging town murdered. Husband is chief suspect—but local newspaper editor has his doubts. | Principal figures in labor-management feud are robustly portrayed in tough, explicit drama with much violence and considerable amount of excellent writing. | Rugged |
| THE INNOCENT BOTTLE *Anthony Gilbert* (Barnes: $2) | English poisoning case that looks transparent, but becomes decidedly opaque, comes to attention of Arthur Crook, who performs admirably. | Unorthodox investigator's unusual methods lend zest to plot that mixes familiar ingredients into unholy and occasionally turgid muddle. | For Crook enthusiasts |
| A PRIVATE KILLING *James Benét* (Harper: $2.50) | Body of girl in California scientific laboratory turns N. Y. crime-reporter's vacation into eventful busman's holiday. | Newspaper sleuth, though slightly bumptious on occasion, works satisfactorily with pros to bring well-written, capably constructed tale to satisfying finish. | Readable |
| STAIRCASE 4 *Helen Reilly* (Random House: $2.50) | Apparent suicide of ostensibly happy New Yorker accepted as fact by all save fiancée, friend, and McKee—of Centre St. fame. | Sound plot, believable emotional overtones, interesting people, adequate violence, and McKee at his best as veracious manipulator of modern police methods. | High grade |
| POLICEMAN'S NIGHTMARE *Marten Cumberland* (Crime Club: $2.25) | Missing Parisian business tycoon propounds puzzling problem to Commissaire Dax, who traverses trio of murders before reaching strange answer. | Variety of pun gently portrayed people assist redoubtable Saturnin—also lead him down garden path—in swift and colorful Gallic tale. | Flavorsome |
| EVIL ROOT *Lee Thayer* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50) | Sinister situations confronting wealthy and indomitable old lady in Westchester retirement bring Peter Clancy and Wiggar to scene with desired results. | Clancy, as polite and perspicacious masquerader, unravels intricately tangled web of violent happenings before unmasking criminal—and himself. | Agreeable |
| THE CABENDA AFFAIR *Matthew Head* (Simon & Schuster: $2) | Young American in West Africa on mahogany business encounters evil goings-on in Portuguese household, with ramifications in mysterious hinterland. | If J. Conrad were alive, and writing mystery yarns, they would resemble this one—although New England spinster-sleuth might floor him. | First rate |
| THE CASE OF THE DUBIOUS BRIDEGROOM *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.50) | Vindictive ex-wife of California mining entrepreneur found dead in auto by operator working for Perry Mason, who proceeds from there. | Tracing of practically unguessable killer follows customary Mason pattern with accelerated activity, shrewd courtroom tactics, and lusty cast of characters. | Unexceptionable |


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# BOOKED for TRAVEL

## HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—LESS 15 PER CENT

IN 1941 when we began to mobilize for war the Government imposed a five-per-cent tax on travel designed to keep people at home. But neither the five per cent, nor the signs that were plastered on depots all over the country which asked, "Is this trip necessary?," provided a sufficient deterrent. In 1943, with the rails and the roads crowded with war supplies, the Government rapped the knuckles of the public by increasing the tax to fifteen per cent. It is now six years since 1943 and nearly four years since the Japanese boarded the *Missouri* to surrender, but we still have the tax. The Government has found new reason to keep it which has nothing to do with its original institution.

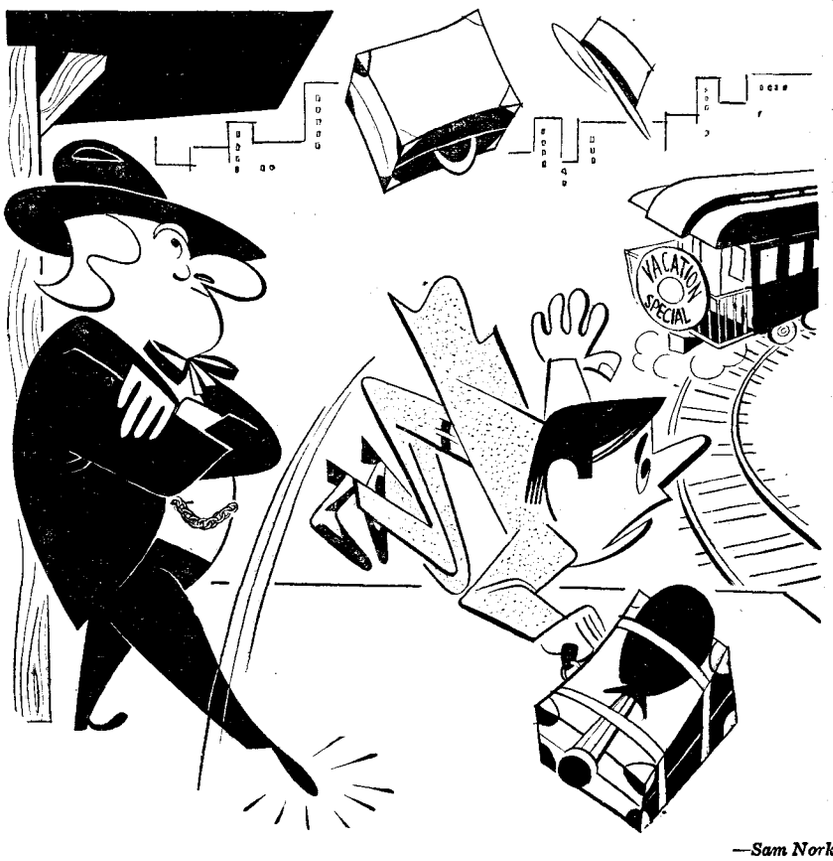
To make things worse, in 1947 the tax was removed on travel to certain foreign countries. Originally it was part of the Government plan to remove the tax on travel to Marshall-Plan countries, as a means of applying artificial respiration on their dollar reserves. The South American countries kicked up such a fuss that they were exempted too. Since 1947, therefore, we have been paying a tax only as far as Mexico, the Caribbean, Canada, Alaska, and Hawaii. Passengers taking an Alcoa Line cruise which goes as far as Curaçao in the Netherlands West Indies, just off the South American coast, are obliged to pay fifteen per cent tax on the entire trip. Passengers taking another Alcoa cruise that touches Caracas, Venezuela, pay no tax at all.

The system is clearly unfair to the average American family, which can only afford domestic vacations. The ordinary domestic traveler pays the tax, but the foreign traveler, the man who goes to Europe and the Orient, who belongs to a higher income bracket, pays only his fare. Since it is impossible to differentiate between pleasure and necessary travel, the levy is also a clear-cut imposition on people who are forced to travel because of sudden illness, accident, or a death in the family. From a gentleman in East Michigan comes this report, "I took a local bus recently from Detroit to Bay City, and large numbers of those riding on the bus were factory workmen going to and from the factories. However, this bus was subject to the fifteen-per-cent transportation tax because it operated on an ICC franchise."

Normally, businessmen buying commutation tickets are exempt from the tax, but their wives coming into town to shop are not. If you are wealthy enough to afford a car, you are only obliged to pay one-cent Federal tax on each gallon of gas, a levy of about three or four per cent. If you can't afford a car and must rely on public transportation, the amount of tax which is saddled on you is quadrupled. This wartime police measure cost travelers a total of $234,181,651 in 1945. The figure has risen every year until it is estimated that Americans traveling by public conveyance in the fiscal year ending June 1949 will drop a total of $267,000,000 in the Treasury. The tax has so far cost the public a billion and a quarter dollars in hard cash, and nobody knows how much in sunshine, rest, and relaxation. The national effect physically and financially has been tremendous. There has been no word from a psychiatric organization to date, but I have in hand a report from the Family Economics Bureau of Northwestern National Life Insurance Co., and that august body says that inflation and taxes have increased the cost of the average family's vacation anywhere from twenty to 100 per cent over 1940. A twelve-day rail tour from Chicago went up sixty-six per cent, of which tax counted for one-fourth of the increase. An airline ticket from Chicago to Los Angeles is up fifty-eight per cent, one-third of the increase attributable to the tax. Cruises on the Great Lakes are up thirty-three per cent, and bus tours are up twenty-eight per cent. In both cases half of the rise is tax.

SINCE the inception of the tax in 1941 more than half the entire amount collected bears no direct relationship to the underlying reasons for its original institution. But, even more important, its continuance is hampering the expansion of our national air transportation system, a facility which has been proven to have a direct relationship on our wartime aviation know-how. The few vista-domed trains and streamliners that carry barbershops have had little overall effect on the general obsolescence of the nation's railroads. The tax is no impetus to accelerated modernization.

As things stand now Representative Cecil King of California has introduced a bill known as HR 1228 calling for the repeal of the tax. The measure is in the hands of the Ways and Means Committee. Letters, wires, and postcards are flowing in from all




—Sam Norkin.

"Is this trip necessary?"



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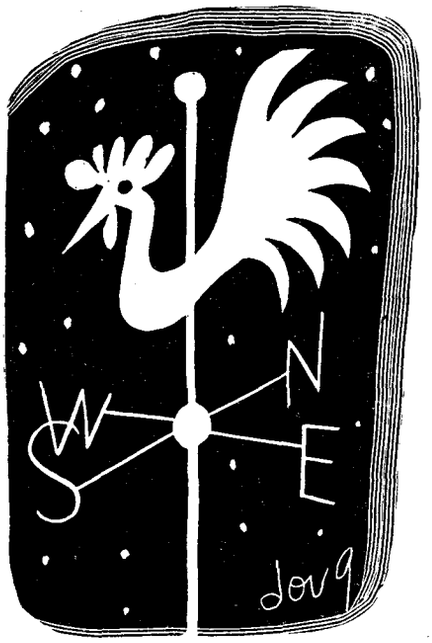



over the country. One Midwest tourist official took the trouble to write every one of the Congressmen from his state, and nearly all the legislators replied. I've had a look at the correspondence, some of it from our most able law-makers, and I can say there is an indication that Congress may lump all the excise taxes together, and refuse to repeal any of them until they find a substitute revenue for all. Well there's an excise tax every time you buy a bottle of Vitalis, dance in the Stork Club, or bring home a pair of gold-filled earrings. Maybe night clubs, jewelry, and hair oil are for the privileged, but vacations are anybody's right. It took the 67th Congress until 1921 to repeal the transportation tax after the last war. I feel I'm a lot wiser than I was in 1921, and somehow I expect the Government to be too. —HORACE SUTTON.

## TRAVELERS' TALES

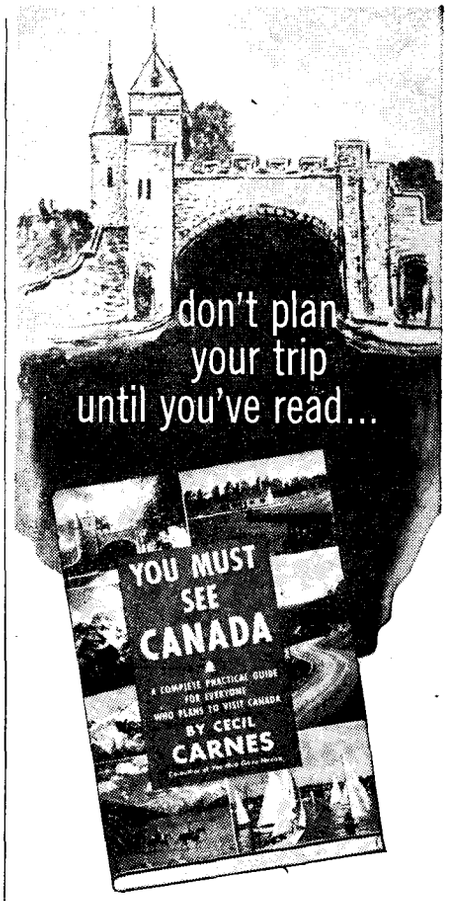
*THE SUGAR ISLANDS. By Alec Waugh. New York: Farrar, Straus.* 1949. 278 *pp.* $3. In the literary scheme of things Alec Waugh is expensive talent to send down to the Caribbean to write a travel book. Although this is subtitled "A Caribbean Travelogue," it is, rather, a collection of incidents that happened to Waugh when he went South to collect his material. Unlike a travel writer who might hit the tourist spots, move fast, collect the information, and depart, Waugh settles for extended periods in little-known corners, and watches the West Indian world go by. What he sees he novelizes into a string of anecdotes and crackerbarrel stories that make up the book. I can't say that the result is filled with tourist data, for there is actually a dearth of that. But the stories are excellent reading, and provide an adult, intelligent understanding of the particular islands on which Waugh chose to sit and observe.

*HARIAN'S EUROPEAN TRAVEL GUIDE*—1949. *By Frederic E. Tyarks. Greenlawn, N. Y.: Harian Publications.* 1949. *Unpaged.* 50¢. Harian's travel booklets, of which this is the latest, usually tell how to make a cruise to the Caribbean for $11.73 a week. In less than fifty pages of tiny type—Harian practises what it preaches—the author jams a maze of information about virtually every European country, how it has fared since the war, the price of its meat, and the taste of its cigarettes. You'll find the usual passport and visa data, and lots of homey tips, especially about clothing. (Personally I think I'd get awfully tired of myself in Europe with *one* tie.)

*SKIING NATURALLY. By Frank Harper. New York: A. A. Wyn.* 1949. 128 pp. $2. We've heard from the French method, the Arlberg technique, the Swiss school, and the Norwegian system. Now along comes Frank Harper, who says forget what you've been told and just ski naturally. He borrows from all the accepted techniques except the French, taking you from ski store all the way through to camphorated ointment for frostbite.

*PEAKS AND LAMAS. By Marco Pallis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 1949. 397 *pp.* $6.50. The title may seem to combine two quantities no better juxtaposed than pickles and milk. The peaks, let me explain, refer to those of Tibet which Mr. Pallis set out to climb, and the lamas refers to the Buddhist priests he met. Originally published in 1939, the book has been revised and completely reset, and remains a definitive study of Buddhism and the manners of Tibet. If you ever have occasion to serve tea to the Dalai Lama, at least you'll know enough to say, "The goblet of honorable tea ambulates into the location of the Dalai Lama's cushion of repose."

*WHAT'S DOING IN* 1949. *By M. B. Schnapper. Washington: Public Affairs Press.* 1949. 105 *pp.* $2. A listing of all the events, save mayhem, which are due to happen this year. June 11 is Kamehameka Day in Hawaii, Sweden's spring Valborgsmassoafton falls on April 30, and Save the Horse Week here at home begins July 23. I'm sure you get the idea.

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## HOW TO KNOW NOTHING ABOUT EVERYTHING

*(Continued from page 10)*

for him a yarn based on the snatches of information gathered during his talk.

"That's very interesting," said "Oppie," "go on, let me hear the rest of it."

The upshot of it was that, as I kept on talking, he would stop me to make corrections, and to fill in blank spaces. Before I was finished I had the material for an article that appeared the following day on page one of *The New York Times*, much to my own as well as "Oppie's" surprise. That was more than fourteen years ago, and I believe it was the first time "Oppie" had been mentioned in any news story, certainly the only time on page one until the day after Hiroshima.

Why did I select "Oppie" in the first place? This brings up one of the most important problems facing a conscientious reporter of science—namely, the problem of selectivity. Probably the major sources of science news are the reports on research presented at the annual or semi-annual conventions of the major national scientific societies, such as the American Chemical Society, the National Academy of Sciences, the American Physical Society, the Federation of Experimental Biologists, and many others. A few of these, notably the American Chemical Society, maintain an excellent news service which provides abstracts and frequently full texts of most of the important papers presented at the meeting. Others provide a service that is very sketchy or none at all. The latter present the science reporter with a major headache. Scientific meetings are no longer the simple gatherings they used to be. They have literally become many-ringed circuses performing simultaneously in different arenas, depending on the number of sections in which the program is divided. As many as a thousand individual reports, for example, are presented at the annual winter meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in a period of five days, and this in addition to several hundred scientific exhibits, scores of which may represent work of outstanding importance. The same is true to a lesser extent with other national scientific meetings. Confronted with the ever-present problem of space limitations, not to mention the even greater problem of time, the science reporter must practise selectivity to the utmost of his ability, experience, and judgment, always haunted by the doubt that he may have missed something of high significance and by the worry of being scooped by his rival newspaper.

Speaking of scoops reminds me of the time when I picked up a New York evening newspaper and read to my amazement a front-page six-column headline: "Man Descended from Horse, Scientist Finds." As the startling news had emanated from the same meeting I was then covering, I naturally was curious to check on how I happened to miss such a find. It turned out that a Chinese scholar had presented a paper before the history of science section of the AAAS in which he described a Chinese theory of evolution of circa 2000 B.C. I could not resist the temptation of sending a wire to the editor of that newspaper inquiring "from which end of the horse?"

THE problem of selectivity is largely complicated by the fact that no one, not even the scientific investigator himself, can generally tell where his work is going to lead, and most of them even resent being asked such a question. The pure scientist, who blazes the trail for the applied scientist, can never be sure what practical results, if any, his search will bring. He is seeking knowledge per se, and to him even negative results are important since they tell him to start on a new track. Faraday never dreamed that his work on electricity and magnetism would lead to the dynamo and the age of electricity, and when asked what his crude apparatus demonstrating the principle of the dynamo was good for he could only ask in return: "What good is a baby?" Nor did Clerk Maxwell have the faintest notion that his mathematical equations which revealed the existence of electromagnetic waves would lead to radio and television. And, what's more, it didn't matter to him. The sheer joy of the creation of intellectual beauty through mathematical symbols was just as spiritually satisfying to him as was the composition of the Seventh Symphony to Beethoven.

Nevertheless, it is not beyond the realm of possibility that had a science reporter of sufficient imagination and background been around in the days of a Faraday and a Maxwell, a Jules Verne or an H. G. Wells, for example, they might have succeeded, by a process of Socratic midwifery, to conjure up the dim outlines of a future that would have made fascinating reading for their contemporaries. And, who knows, such reading might have speeded up the coming of that future, with consequent profound changes on the entire course of history during the past fateful century.

Speaking for myself, it is the ever-present possibility of some day running into a Faraday or a Maxwell, that constitutes for me the greatest challenge as well as the greatest promise of inner satisfaction. Conversely, it is the ever-present worry about failing to recognize them if, and when, I should meet them, that keeps me always on my toes and frequently haunts me like a nightmare. For while Faradays and Maxwells and Einsteins and Plancks are not born every year, it is none the less certain that their kind must be reborn from time to time, and it is, to my mind, one of the major functions of the alert science reporter to be ever on the lookout for them.

Superficially it may appear that outstanding scientific discoveries are in themselves so self-evident as to hit anyone with ordinary common sense square in the eye. Take, for example, the discovery of penicillin. In retrospect that would seem to be a natural for any reporter—a miracle drug, if there ever was one. That, however, is true only in retrospect. The first paper on penicillin ever to be presented in this country was a short ten-minute preliminary report given before a meeting of a small select medical society (the Association of American Physicians) early in May 1941. It reported largely on experiments on mice and on only three or four human patients. The total quantity of penicillin available then was a few milligrams, just enough to carry on more experiments with mice. The outlook for its large-scale production in the near future, if ever, was practically nil.

This kind of situation always confronts me with a formidable problem. Mice aren't men, and a few preliminary experiments on mice, as all scientists will tell you, are far from justifying any conclusion that the results will also be similar in humans. Emphasizing this fact in the newspaper report seems to be useless, for the desperate human patient dying of some incurable disease, or his family, flatly refuses to accept any such explanation. In the case of penicillin, and indeed in the case of most new drugs, the problem is further complicated by the unavailability of the material. If one has a conscience—and I confess to having one—one cannot help but visualize in his mind's eye, as he sits by his typewriter dashing off his report on preliminary results gained largely in animal experiments; the thousands of victims of a particular disease, and the families of the victims, in whose hearts he will kindle a spark of false hope. It does not do the patient dying of a terrible infec-



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tious disease, or his family, or his physician, any good to read one day in the newspaper that a new drug, or a new method, had been developed that cures mice of his particular affliction, but is, alas, still unavailable for him. This conflict between one's obligation to the public as a disseminator of information, on the one hand, and one's conscience as a human being not to inflict unnecessary suffering on helpless human beings already sorely afflicted, and most of them doomed to die, becomes particularly acute in reporting any developments in the field of cancer research. Speaking again for myself, I try my best to resolve this dichotomy by sticking scrupulously to facts and emphasizing to the utmost that the report in question is not yet, and may never be, applicable to human disease.

The story of penicillin may also serve as a striking illustration of what is to my mind the principal function of the science writer and the service he can perform for contemporary civilization. It is the reduction of the lag between discovery and application, with all that this implies for modern society and for the future of man.

Penicillin was originally discovered by Dr. (now Sir) Alexander Fleming of London in 1928, but the report on it in a British biological journal collected dust for more than a dozen years, and, for all we know, would still have been collecting dust were it not for the urgent need for such an anti-bacterial substance brought about by the most cataclysmic war in history. I shall never forget the remarks of Sir Alexander on one of the numerous occasions when he acknowledged an honor bestowed on him for his epoch-making discovery. "On such occasions," he remarked rather wistfully, "I cannot help thinking of the thousands now dead who would still be alive had interest in penicillin been aroused when I first discovered it in 1928."

The science writer is, of course, not alone to bear the responsibility for "the thousands now dead." Nevertheless, he must accept a large share of the blame. Had the newspapers reported on penicillin when it was first discovered, who knows but that somebody, somewhere, might have become sufficiently interested to carry on further work on it and thus make it available years before World War II? Possibly Sir Alexander himself must accept a share of the blame for not calling it to the attention of some responsible British newspaperman. But this would have been contrary to the rather rigid code of the scientists. Happily, the rigidity of this code is being relaxed somewhat, and as the science writer grows to recognize more fully his responsibility to society and convinces scientists of this sense of responsibility on his part, the more cordial will become the relations between scientists and science writers and the greater the promise for the reduction of the lag between discovery and application.

Science writing is still in its infancy. It has developed largely during the past twenty years in a helter-skelter fashion. The time has long been ripe for our universities and schools of journalism to make science writing an important part of their curriculum. An enlightened and consecrated corps of science writers can play a highly important role in a democratic society in bringing science —and its vast social implications— closer to the people and the people closer to science, with inestimable benefits to both. The well-trained and socially-conscious science writer could serve as the true descendant of Prometheus, bringing down the fire from the scientific Olympus to the people in the valley below with the full consent and cooperation of the Olympians.

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# the Phoenix Nest

## "ALIENS"

(Grant Park—Chicago)

OLD men come out in August sun,
Old men creep through the park to sit,
And though dark traffic gleams and roars
They make no sign of knowing it.

Old men smile long where pigeons feed,
Old men lean long at the fountain seat.
Horizons to their withered eyes
Are less than towers across the street.

Old men sprawl down in careless clothes
To watch while docile pigeons fly;
And in the warm night, I suppose,
Some of the old men die.

—IRVING PETITE.

* * *

Books of undergraduate poetry are entertaining in retrospect. I have a few that I prize, because here and there in their pages are names that have lustered American literature. Naturally my own alma mater comes first, and in the pages of the books of Yale verse that I possess, I find again Brian Hooker, whose early medieval stories could stand comparison with Hewlett and Cabell, but who somehow missed the boat—Hooker did some good singing lyrics, as well as one grand opera. And Arthur Colton—his stories are of as great originality as those of the early Stephen Crane—why aren't they better known?—and his "Harps Hung Up in Babylon" is a stirring poem. I find Sinclair Lewis, Allan Updegraff, Archibald MacLeish, Stephen Vincent Benét, Cyril Hume, Thornton Wilder, many others. The "Book of Princeton Verse" that I have is notable for early poems by John Peale Bishop, Edmund Wilson, and Scott Fitzgerald; and somewhere up in the country I possess a small volume of Harvard undergraduate poets, among which I remember poems by Malcolm Cowley. Before his time, E. E. Cummings was writing one of his finest lyrics, like a bit of old tapestry, beginning, "All in the green went my love riding—," and T. S. Eliot was an undergraduate. But the books that lie on my desk now are English books, and the university is Oxford.

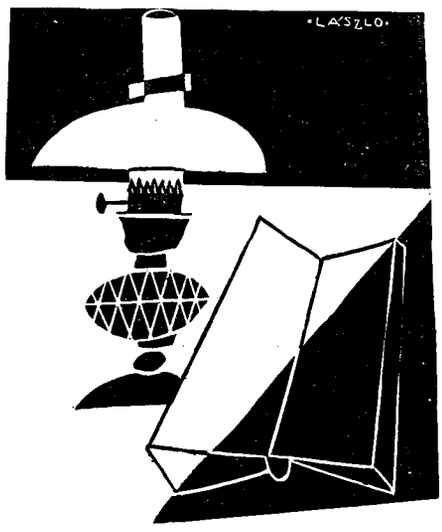
The first of these, "Oxford Poetry (1917-1919)," was purchased by me some twenty-eight years ago. (How my handwriting has changed!) It was published, of course, by Basil Blackwell. Here are Robert Graves (of St. John's), Aldous Huxley (of Balliol), Robert Nichols (of Trinity), Dorothy L. Sayers (of Somerville), L. A. G. Strong (of Wadham) and others. As I like the medieval, I have naturally marked the poems of Wilfred R. Childe (of Magdalen): "The Last Abbot of Gloucester," beginning:

The Middle Ages sleep in alabaster
A delicate fine sleep. . . .

"The Gothic Rose," concerning the "white five-wounded Flower." It's really splendid!

Yea, the moths have eaten,
And fretted the gold cloths of the Duke of York,
And lost is the scarlet cloak of the Cardinal Beaufort.
Tapers are quencht and rods of silver broken,
Where once King Richard dined beneath the leopards. . . .

That's the stuff for me, really! After all the juke-box music and cacophony of today. What a noble roll of rhetoric! I think Childe is much unappreciated. I have several books of his. But I cannot find him in Webster's Biographical Dictionary. I can only find Childebert; and, although that Frankish king was doubtless quite as antique, and more bloodthirsty, he is not the one I seek. The Oxford Companion yields Childe Roland, but not Childe, Wilfred Rowland (which, I *do* know is his full name). Probably an Anglo-Catholic. Then who is this L. Gielgud of the same college—any forebear to John? T. W. Earp of Exeter I once met in London; I think we went "pub-crawling" together. Aldous Huxley was writing about fauns and poplars in this book, but L. A. G. Strong had even in that season the Irish tang and pith:




A swell within her billowed skirts,
Like a great ship with sails unfurled,
The madwoman goes gallantly
Upon the ridges of her world. . . .

Dorothy Sayers was poet then, not mystery-story writer. I have a book of religious ballads of hers that is rare. (Some day I am going to do an anthology of religious verse, which will be like nothing you ever imagined. It will be full of the gorgeous, of the stirring, of the real feats of the mystic! Which reminds me that here is that strange Welsh soul, Evan Morgan (of Christ Church), whose verse beneath my eye is nothing worth, but whose later mystical poem "The Eel" was remarkable. And here is a peculiar poem which I have marked with two asterisks, so long ago. It is by a man strangely named, a name forgotten, Chaman Lall (of Jesus). But as I reread it now, it seems peculiarly like the earlier T. S. Eliot, except that perhaps it has too regular a beat and too much rhyme:

It is thirty years since we two parted,
It is thirty unswept, cobweb years
Since, with a look of indifference, in a storm of elegance,
Like some knowing, hungering bird,
Like some forewarned, huckstering drone of a butterfly,
Like a swift passion—she swept past my youth unhonied.
And I am now a very old man—almost dead;
I am now a very old ornament of lead;
Weismann and Ellis, Burton have I read
These thirty years in bed.

The idea of reading in bed for thirty years seems pleasant at my advanced age! What a pity that a person who could write so attractively at that time seems to have sunk without a trace!

I pick up the next Oxford book. It was published over here by Appleton, and edited by Charles Plumb and W. H. Auden. It is dated 1926—and even that (does it seem so?) is well-nigh a quarter century ago! It opens with three poems by Auden, has four by Cecil Day Lewis, four by Rex Warner; but most of the names mean nothing to me. It is a slight book compared to the other, which covered more years.

Perhaps today Auden would not use such words as "sigmoid" and "eutectic"; but it is fun to parade such words in youth! Science has, however, already reared its ugly head! "Sigmoid" is like the letter "S," curved in two directions. It is also the serpent that has entered the Eden of this poetry—not that the poem means it as that! Still "Thomas Epilogises"



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is amusing. Naturally the nymphs in it are "callipygous," and not like the nymphs of Huxley's "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," some eight or nine years earlier. You have almost the difference in poetic technique made in a decade, in the comparison of these two poems. Not that Huxley wouldn't have had *his* nymphs callipygous if he had thought of it! I myself prefer "callipygian" to denote shapely buttocks. But Wilfred Childe—ah, *he* would have written of the Callipygian Venus in the Domus Aurea of Nero at Rome, if *he* had thought of that.

Reading through this little volume, there are few other hints, however, of a new day in poetry. The "Proud Sonnet" of Patrick Monkhouse, traditional in mood, might have been written by Lionel Johnson. It is striking, but it is no trail-blazer. In the other few poets and poems the real ego is still in the shell, though the shell is cracking. However, I regret to say that such undergraduate verse as this seems to me a good bit more mature than our own. Perhaps the maturity lies merely in the more accomplished command of the verse, perhaps not. But England is a country in which poetry is ancient, and taken seriously. I don't believe a newspaper in England corresponding in standing to our own *New York Herald Tribune* could have published such a measly little editorial on the passing of the League to Support Poetry (of which I was proud to be honorary president) as that august newspaper recently did. To be sure, the editorial was amiably condescending. But poets still relied on patrons, it averred, and were merely weak vessels. It was quite full of giggles over the situation. Yet I happen to have known the gallant fight Dorothy Hobson put up to continue her publishing venture for the benefit of poets, and some of the honorable work she discovered, and I was not particularly amused. However, let us not end in rancor! Poetry also has intelligent friends in America, and perhaps eventually we shall become entirely mature concerning this one of the major arts.

* * *

**SELECTION**

A camel is humpy.
A camel is grumpy.
A camel is footy,
And also snooty.

But—I not only infer,
I emphatically prefer
A mute supercilious camel
To a garrulous arrogant mammal.

—ADELAIDE COKER.

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

# The New Recordings

| COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS | ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface* | PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT |
|---|---|---|
| MUSIC OF THE SIOUX AND NAVAJO INDIANS.<br>Recorded by Wm. Rhodes in coop. with Bureau of Indian Affairs.<br>Folkways 1401 (4 10″ *pl.*) | Moe Asch comes up again—with improvements. The hard black material has a quiet surface and the technical work seems excellent. Indian recording better than African but all is good, with more than usual tonal range for portable recording. These are superior to the former Disc Company records. | (See below) First albums in new series continuing (overlapping?) the defunct Disc Ethnic series (*SRL* Feb. 7, 1948). Invaluable material, obviously "authentic," non-Westernized; interesting listening quite aside from professional study. Good for music classes—many challenging points re rhythm, counterpoint, harmony, form, skilled technique. |
| MUSIC OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA.<br>Recorded by André Didier, Ogoue-Congo Exp.<br>Folkways 1402 (4 10″ *pl.*)<br>(*Folkways Records & Service Corp.* 117 W. 46th *St., New York, N. Y.*) | | |
| FRENCH ORGAN MUSIC.<br>(Widor, Gigout, Dupré, Alain, Vierne.)<br>E. Power Biggs, Organ of St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University.<br>Columbia MM 802 (5) | This organ, as recorded, is far more suitable to this style music than to the Bach of the first Biggs album played on it. Gorgeous job technically. | Here are those composers beloved by organists whose music seems faintly childish, a bit jejeune in its loudspoken, conventional expression to us non-organists. Hardly the golden age of organ music! |

## "PRIMITIVE" MUSIC

THOSE who assume offhand that the American Indian is vanishing or that Indian culture must inevitably be lost, "Westernized," or commercialized may find the above album disabusing. The album notes mention that the Navajos, for one example, have increased fourfold since the 1860's. (Their reservation has the while been tragically reduced in productiveness.) It may be true that Western clothes, automobiles, education, war, have pretty well taken over some aspects of Indian life. All the more interesting, then, to find that Indian music far from being on the way out is still a vigorous, independent expression and, more, an actively functional part of everyday life, as always. The music here recorded, on location, even to the ear that comprehends none of its special meaning, is obviously and astonishingly free of "Western" influence for an art that must exist within the radio-film-television pressure zone. Here too is audible evidence of this music's importance to its producers. On first hearing there may seem to be largely incoherence, babbling and grunting, and general tunelessness in these songs—until one stumbles on an "ensemble" piece where not one but a large group of singers perform the assorted sounds in perfect accord. Obviously every note of this music, then, is firmly held in the communal memory. Without benefit of written notes, this must indicate long and painstaking practice, whether organized or no; every grunt, every casual inflection is thus foreintended and hence must be much more than casually meaningful. However uncouth this and other "primitive" music may seem to our narrowly classical taste, those who love it find it meaningful and precious and worth endless effort in the perpetuation.

A glance at the detailed printed accounts of this music during the listening will show how abysmally little we really understand of its actual sense. (Not that it is beyond our comprehension—simply that to understand it requires experience, at length and in detail, as with any music.) Love songs, silversmith's ditties, grim war songs, and songs of light-hearted sarcasm—the extremes of subject-matter here come forth to our ears as a similar succession of semi-hysterical, slightly inebriated shoutings. Clearly, as the notes show, we haven't the slightest true comprehension of this music, and, as clearly, the performers and their audience do have it. How, then, can we pass condescending judgment on these primitive sounds, pigeonholing them so neatly at the bottom of "our" evolutionary ladder? Is not our whole attitude towards "primitive" art a dismal rationalization of this very lack of understanding? Is there *any* artistic expression *ipso facto* intelligible to all?

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.



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**COMING . . .**

Annual Poetry Feature
edited by
William Rose Benét
SRL, March 19th

# The Film Forum

***FILMS FROM AUSTRALIA***

***The Saturday Review's* Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We welcome to* THE FILM FORUM *this week a collection of Australian films as lively and varied as any country could produce. Though Australians and Americans got to know one another pretty well during the war in the Pacific, few Americans have had a chance to explore the interior of this island-continent except by way of the movies. "The Overlanders"* (SRL Jan. 1) *paints one part of that picture. Other sides of Australian life are sketched in by a series of films produced at the newly-formed National Film Board of Australia and obtainable at modest rentals from the Australian National Information Bureau, 636 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.*

## NAMATJIRA THE PAINTER

**Produced by the National Film Board of Australia. Availability: see editor's note. Rental: $5. In color. (15 mins.)**

Namatjira is an Australian aborigine, a member of one of the most ancient races of men to have survived down to the present day. He is also one of Australia's foremost water-color painters. How he became interested in painting when still a camel-driver in the back country, how he learned to use the tools of a new profession, how he established a great reputation in the cities which he has stoutly refused to visit, is the story of this film.

But it tells also a more interesting story—that of the bushmen themselves and a way of life which has not altered since the Stone Age. The camera seems to transport us back a hundred thousand years to a time when there were no houses, no agriculture, almost no tools, and certainly no international complications! Seldom has the life, art, and feeling for nature of a primitive people been presented with so much impact on the screen.

It would be pleasant to think that Namatjira, as an accomplished painter, had infused his work with some of this ancient dignity of his aboriginal race. Unhappily, he has followed the sloppy sentimentalism of English water-colorists; his paintings would do credit to Winston Churchill. Of the old life of the wild nothing remains.

Today Namatjira has some money —not much, but enough to buy paint boxes and water-colors and inspire his sons and nephews to take up the brush. Will they carry on the imitative tradition he has started? Or will they turn to their own people and seek inspiration in the strange rituals and passion for the hunt which have come down to them from ancient times?

Other, more detailed films on Australian aboriginal life are "Tjurunga" and "Walkabout," obtainable from the same source as "Namatjira the Painter."

## PACIFIC TERMINAL

**Produced for the Tourist Bureau of New South Wales. Available from Films of the Nations, 55 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y. (10 mins.)**

A pleasant, fast-moving picture of Australian life and resources, centering on the southeastern province of New South Wales. We see the capital city of Sydney, where local law limits the height of buildings to provide more sun and air; magnificent mountain scenery, and sports which range within a few miles from skiing to surfbathing. Hydro-electric projects and shots of Australia's growing iron and steel industry round off the picture. The narrative is refreshingly brisk and blunt.

## IN THE SOUTH SEAS

**Produced by the Australian National Film Board. Availability: see editor's note. Rental: $1.50. (11 mins.)**

Australia administers under mandate a number of Pacific Islands, among them Papua and a part of New Guinea. This film takes us with a party of scientists to a small island close to the Trobriands, made famous by the anthropolgical researches of Malinowski. It seems that the Australian Government has initiated intensive work on the diet of the natives, their state of health, and their economy and methods of trade. No constructive steps to remedy the conditions shown are even indicated in the film, which, however, contains an interesting sequence about native fishermen who place poisoned roots in holes at the bottom of the shallow lagoons where the fish hide.

## MEN AND MOBS

**Produced by the National Film Board of Australia. Availability: see editor's note. Rental: $5. In color. (15 mins.)**

This rather ambitious film, in excellent Kodachrome, traces the growth of Australia's wool industry from the twenty-nine sheep which landed with the first settlers in 1788. The early part of the story is told in very pleasantly colored cartoons; but the screen really comes alive when a seemingly large part of Australia's present population of 120 million sheep starts pouring across it. What "The Overlanders" did for cattle, this film does, albeit on a much smaller scale, for sheep. It ends rather pleasantly with a sequence out on the range where 16mm. movies are shown to the ranchers, while the sheep stolidly look on from the back of the crowd. Some of Australia's wild life is shown in color in "Bushland Color Studies," also obtainable from the Australian National Information Bureau.

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.



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IMPERIOUS MALE would correspond with broad-minded female believing in masculine dominance. Box 999-D.

TWO YOUNG UNIVERSITY ALUMNAE desire jobs as governesses, tutors, or companions to someone traveling to the Near East this summer. Box 1000-D.

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(*Continued on page 42*)



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## PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

MATURE FEMALE, varied interests including Israel situation invites male correspondence. Box 1005-D.

FREE BOOKLISTS: "Popular Used Books," 29¢ to 98¢; MYSTERY FANS, ask for "Mysteries," 35¢, 3 for $1.00. Box 1032-D.

SHACK, GARAGE, HOUSEBOAT, or what have you for summer week-end fun? Near water, commuting distance N.Y.C. Willing to rough it. Box 1003-D.

BUSINESS EXECUTIVE, fed up with hum drum existence, heading from west to east to blow off steam. Correspondence invited from congenial, adventurous, artistic, bizarre, unusual female. Box 1012-D.

CREATIVE EVOLUTIONIST would correspond with other creative evolutionists. Object: Appraisal, perhaps promotion. Box 1016-D.

TWO JEUNES FILLES, college grads, devotees of the arts, request correspondence with avant-guardists. Box 1013-D.

EASTERN COLLEGE LIBRARIAN wishes pleasant summer position at mountain resort or shore. Box 1014-D.

MATURED, YOUNG MAN wishes to correspond with sincere young women. Box 1015-D.

FEMININE MUSICIAN, fond of books, nature, wishes correspondence with intelligent man, possessing definite personality, sense of humor, kindred interests. Box 1006-D.

YOUNG EXECUTIVE will share handsome, mid-town apartment with similar young man. Must have sense of humor, energy, understanding. Box 1007-D.

MIDDLE-AGED WIDOW, healthy, wishes position as housekeeper. Interests: homemaking, gardening, traveling, the sea. Recent references. Box 1008-D.

PUBLISHED WRITER, editorial reader top bookhouse, criticizes, rewrites manuscripts, lists markets. Top references. MARIANNA SINGER, 47 W. 56 Street, N.Y.C. Circle 5-4262.

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LONELINESS ANTIDOTE, via stimulating missives from uninhibited Junos, sought by jaded Jupiter. Box 1011-D.

SENSITIVE SECRETARY desires male correspondence. Interested music, Israel rebirth. Box 1018-D.

PIANO INSTRUCTOR, MALE, prefers teaching intelligent adult beginners. Juilliard, Columbia background. ESplanade 2-2242.

VERY LONELY, MATURE FEMALE invites correspondence from lonely male. Box 1019-D.

CULTURED GENTLEMAN, interests, literature, travel, desires correspondence with lady, same interests. Box 1020-D.

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GENTLEMAN—enjoys friendly letters. Varied interests, including distribution of literature to needy people. Box 1024-D.

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GENTLEWOMAN, 50, intellectual background, speaking French, German, Dutch, also secretary and capable driver, thoroughly acquainted with Europe, seeks position as traveling companion. Box 1026-D.

WORK WANTED BY VETERAN, 27, single, as experienced caretaker, gardener, and cook-houseman. Take complete charge of small country place. Available March 30. Excellent references. Box 1027-D.

YALE MAN desires position as summer traveling companion. Knowledge of Spanish and Latin America. Will go anywhere, however. Intelligent, personable. Box 1001-D.

YOUNG MAN, 25, Columbia graduate-student, seeks summer position as tutor-companion or secretary. Will travel. Box 1002-D.

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HOME-LOVING, VERSATILE, CONGENIAL WOMAN, fond of music invites correspondence with lonely male. Box 1004-D.

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A DISCERNING LIBERAL GENT, on an expedition is bent; to find a provocative lass, who will answer by mail, first class. Box 946-D.

FEMME TEACHER, east, wants summer job, west, or opportunity to travel anywhere. Box 963-D.

HAVE YOU MATERIAL, personal or published about Wendell L. Willkie, suitable for informal biography? Box 927-D.

OWNER OF WELL ESTABLISHED JUNIOR SCHOOL, wishes to sell in June. Co-educational, accommodation, forty day, ten resident pupils. Growing community, N. C. Box 935-D.

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MATURE LADY, interested in corresponding literary-minded, well traveled, college educated gentleman. Box 1031-D.

VIOLIN INSTRUCTOR, JUILLIARD GRADUATE, accepting talented, interested beginners, intermediate students. MUrray Hill 9-1288.

FOR RENT, FOR SUMMER: Modern furnished house, light, airy. Near Rutgers, Princeton. Box 1033-D.

LOVELY VIOLINIST, INTELLIGENT, ADAPTABLE, eagerly desires governess-companion position with party traveling abroad this summer. Experienced, responsible, outgoing. Interested in refined journey-with-a-purpose; not capricious meandering. Box 1034-D.

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

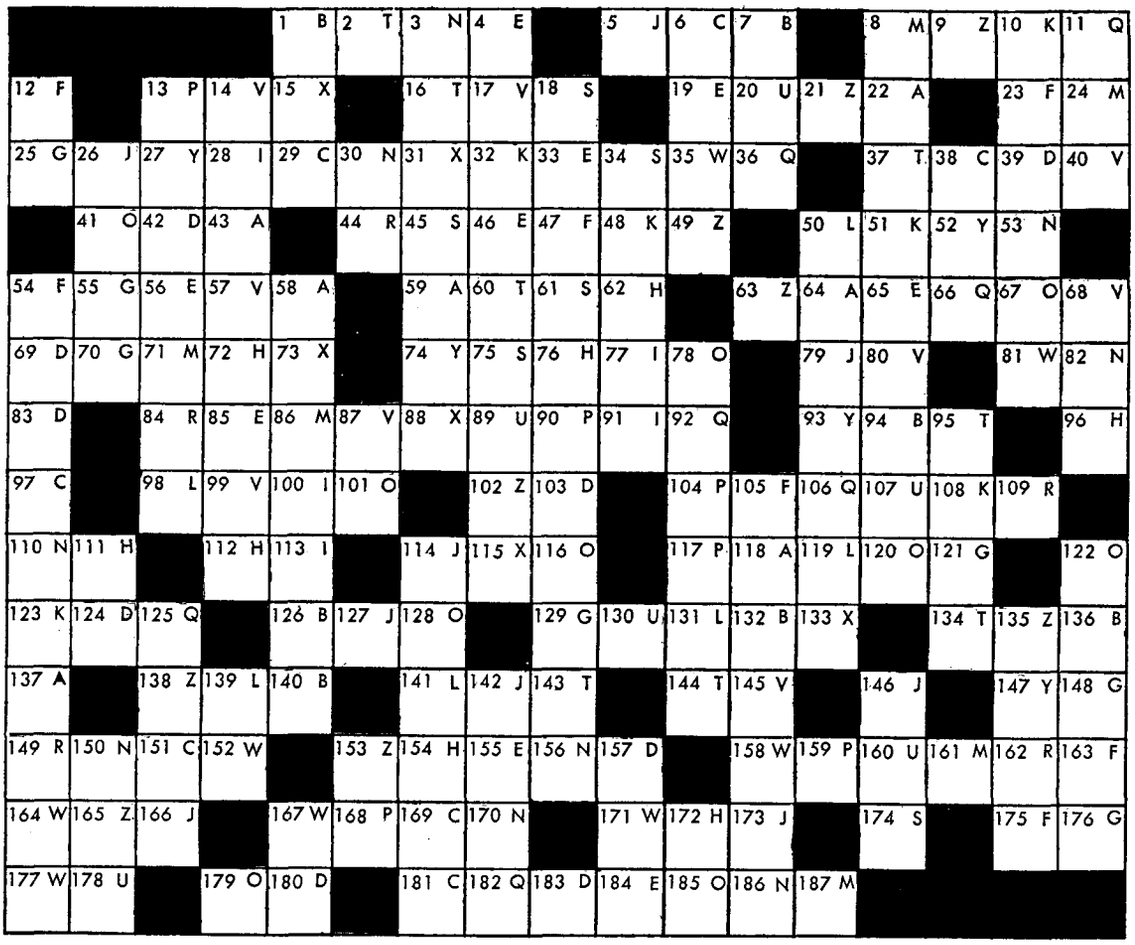
| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. "Calendar" published of a former old historic prison in London. | 64 43 59 22 118 137 58 |
| B. A star conventionally represented (her.). | 7 136 126 1 94 132 140 |
| C. A fork or prong of a river (La. and Ark.). | 169 97 38 29 181 6 151 |
| D. Wednesday as called by the Friends (2 wds.). | 180 83 183 39 157 42 69 124 103 |
| E. Beautiful dancing girl in Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris." | 85 4 33 56 184 46 19 65 155 |
| F. A natural accumulation of mineral material (geol. and mining). | 23 12 175 105 163 47 54 |
| G. Someone or something that proves quite futile or worthless (slang). | 129 148 25 55 176 70 121 |
| H. A Greek inhabitant of Italy (anc. hist.). | 112 111 172 72 154 76 96 62 |
| I. A birthmark; a mole (med.). | 77 91 100 28 113 |
| J. Not arranged in rows (bot.). | 146 166 5 142 26 127 114 79 173 |
| K. To state anew, as old arguments. | 108 32 123 10 48 51 |
| L. German religious reformer (1483-1546). | 98 119 50 141 139 131 |
| M. Ancient name of the Spanish peninsula. | 161 8 187 86 24 71 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| N. Incubus. | 156 110 186 82 53 150 30 3 170 |
| O. French defeat, Franco-Prussian War, Aug. 18, 1870. | 78 116 185 67 128 120 179 41 122 101 |
| P. A timely warning of an approaching arrest, attack, or the like (comp.). | 90 168 104 159 117 13 |
| Q. Neglected; left out. | 182 11 66 36 125 106 92 |
| R. Brisk, vigorous, like air, liquor, etc. | 162 149 44 84 109 |
| S. Any of various rotating, finishing tools with cutting edges for shaping a hole (mach.). | 61 34 174 75 18 45 |
| T. A compound eye, as of insects and crustaceans (zool.). | 37 143 134 144 16 60 2 95 |
| U. Character in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." | 160 20 89 107 130 178 |
| V. Carrageen used in cooking and in pharmacy (2 wds.). | 68 57 99 80 17 87 14 145 40 |
| W. Noted symphony by Dvorak. | 35 177 171 81 164 158 167 152 |
| X. The hero of the Volunga Saga. | 73 88 31 115 15 133 |
| Y. City of Nebraska. | 27 147 74 93 52 |
| Z. Original possessors of the Ring and the hoard of gold won by Siegfried (Wagner and German myth.). | 21 63 102 49 9 135 165 153 138 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).*




MARCH 5, 1949

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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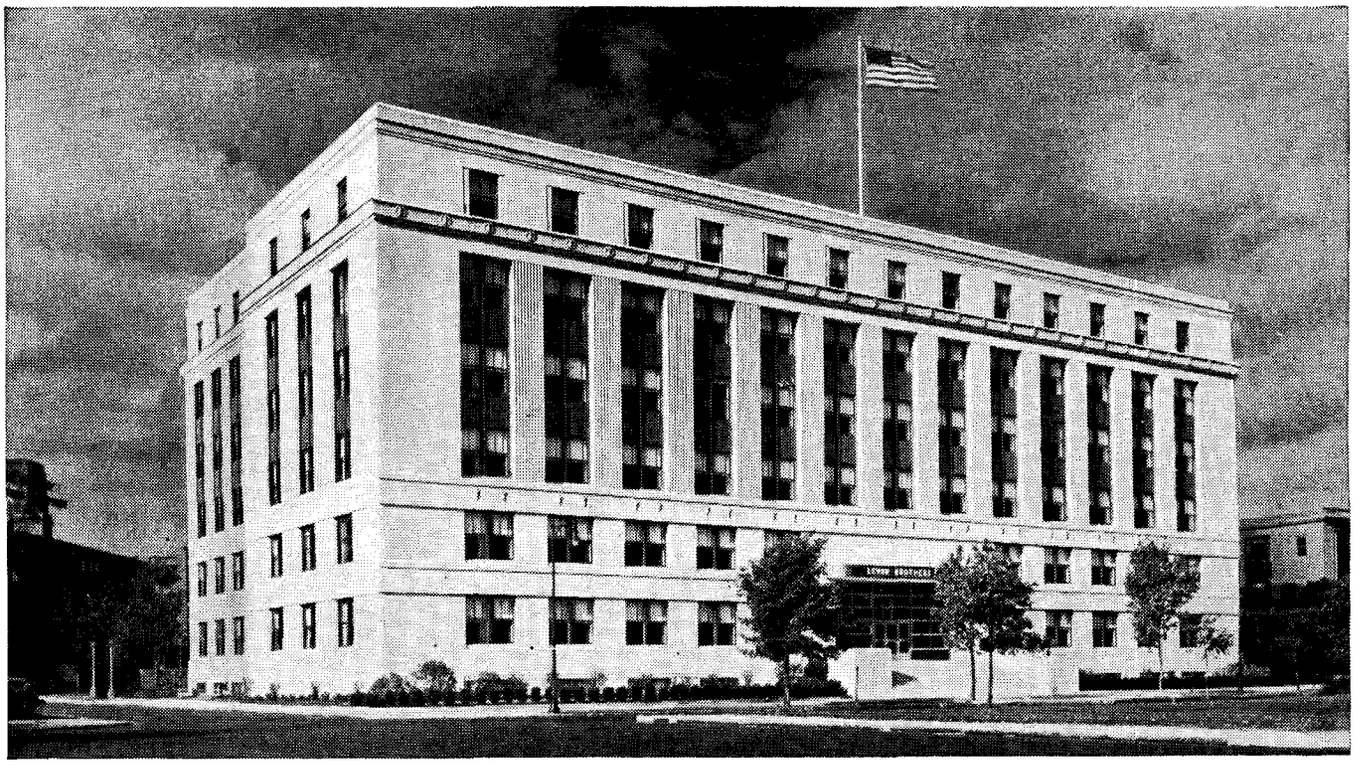

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